

Protecting Peter

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Protecting Peter

by [Fantasy_Fanatic03](#)

Summary

May Parker had not always been abusive. It started when Ben Parker died. After Peter told her that he was Spiderman, she lost it. It started with verbal abuse. Then resulted in physical abuse. May started to drink and use drugs. To top it all off Peter is constantly being pushed around by Flash and his goons.

Notes

HEY I'M BACK WITH ANOTHER AWFUL STORY!!! I hope you like it. I know it's horrible but bare with me, cause I really don't care. I enjoy writing and it keeps my mind off.....other things....

Chapter 1

Peter shrank away as May's hand came at him. "It's all your fault he's gone!" She screamed. Peter could smell the alcohol on her breath.

"I-I'm sorry Aunt May," Peter whispered hoarsely. She gave one last glare, grabbed a bottle off the counter, and disappeared into her room. Leaving Peter on the ground, wondering what he did wrong to deserve this punishment. That was the first time Peter was hit by Aunt May. She sobered up for a while after hearing what happened, promising that it wouldn't happen again, begging Peter to stay.

Peter, of course, refused to leave her. She was the only family he had left. So, Peter stayed. He took the blows she dealt as if he completely deserved it. He took her words to heart. Peter stopped sleeping due to nightmares. His grades were beginning to slip. Flash was getting even more relentless and cruel.

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Peter awoke to the sound of his alarm, signaling it was time to get up and ready for school. Peter groaned and got out of bed. He got took a shower, got dressed, and went to the kitchen. May was already up, she had made pancakes.

"Morning Pete," She said softly. Peter took note, she was sober this morning. That was a good thing. "I made pancakes."

Peter sat down at the table. "Thanks, Aunt May," He said. He took a couple of bites and then jumped up. "I'm going to be late for school. See you, Aunt May."

Peter took the subway to school. When he finally arrived, he was just five minutes short of being late. The teen ran into the school and finally got to class. The bell rang just after he took his seat. Flash was looking at him with a glare. Peter felt something hit the back of his head. He picked the crumbled piece of paper up off the floor and opened it.

'Finally decided to join us, eh Parker? See you in gym class, loser.' Peter could hear the snarky way Flash wrote that. Even though it was on paper. Peter sighed, crumbled the paper and held onto it until class was over, he then dropped it in the trashcan.

Peter hated gym class. He might have been Spiderman, but Peter Parker was not strong. Peter Parker was a punny whimper that couldn't do anything right. So Peter had to play that part. While they were doing their usual jogging, Flash sought it nice to push Peter as hard as he could. The teen fell to the ground with an almost sickening 'crunch' and slid about four feet. Flash was laughing.

"Clutzy Parker, can't you do anything right!?" Peter was seething.

"Leave him alone Flash," Ned said angrily. Flash looked to Peter, then to Ned, and back at Peter. Then he stalked off. Ned helped Peter up. "You okay?"

"Yes, Ned. I'm fine," Peter said. Gym class continued without trouble. Soon the class was over. Peter changed out of his gym clothes and went to lunch. He skipped lunch, not feeling hungry.

The school day was very long for Peter. Flash kept uttering words of insult that Peter tried his hardest to ignore. The final bell finally rang. Peter shut his locker, locked it, and walked outside. Happy, of course, was there to pick him up. But he didn't look very happy about it.

“Your apartment or the compound?” Happy asked.

“Home happy.”

Peter didn’t utter a single word after that. He could feel Happy’s worried glance on him every few minutes. Once they arrived, Peter got out of the car and went to his and May’s shared apartment. When he walked in, the silence was unnerving. Peter went to his room and threw his bag on his bed. He decided that it was probably best to leave his aunt alone. He sat down at his desk after grabbing his homework and begun working on it.

As soon as Peter finished his homework, he went to the kitchen. There were several unopened bottles of wine on the counter. There were at least empty bottles in the trashcan. Bottle caps littered the once clean counter. The teenager sighed to himself and began cleaning up. Organizing the bottles, throwing empty ones along with their caps in the trash. Peter then grabbed a wash rag and wet it under the faucet and wiped down the counter.

“What the hell are you doing?” Aunt May’s voice reached his ears. Peter whipped around to face his aunt, who looked very...very angry.

“I’m just cleaning up..,” Peter said. “You kind of left a mess. I figured you’d want help...” Peter’s words faded off at the still angry look on his aunts face.

“I don’t need your fucking help. I bet you were trying to steal that weren’t you?” She barked. Peter’s eyes widened.

“N-no of course not!” Peter stuttered out of fear. May was now right in front of him. She struck his cheek, then reached around him, grabbed one of the bottles, and then walked back into her room, shutting the door. Peter was frozen on the spot. He could feel himself shaking. The teen finished cleaning up and then looked around the living room. There were pill bottles everywhere. Peter quietly cleaned up and then went to his room.

He was in there for a good hour before May came bustling in. “I want you out,” She said. “If you are going to try to take things and then lie about it, I don’t want you here.”

Peter looked incredulously at her. “But-”

“No buts. Get your things and yourself out.” She threw an empty wine bottle at him. It shattered against the wall. Peter felt a few shards hit his face. The teen didn’t dare move. He barely even breathed. He knew better than to argue. When she left the room, the teen broke down. He grabbed a suitcase and put his things in it. Tears streaming down his face, he called Happy.

“What?” Happy asked almost harshly. “I’m busy right now, Kid.”

Peter sniffed, instantly regretting calling Happy. “I-I’m s-sorry...Just...something...” Peter paused, “Something came up...and I’ll just....I’m sorry for bothering you...nevermind.”

“What’s wrong? What happened? I’m on my way,” Happy said, a concerned tone taking his usual bored angry tone.

“No...It’s fine...I’ll-”

“I’m coming and that’s final.”

Happy’s tone left no room for argument. Peter hung up the phone. He sat on the floor, cuts on his face bleeding, crying into his hands.

None- With Tony

Tony walked into the apartment. He let loose a gasp. There were pill bottles strung out in the living room, there were bottles on the cabinet. It looked like someone tried to clean it but it was a mess again. 'Oh my god,' the genius thought to himself. "Pete?" He called out softly as he reached the teen's room. Peter, who was sitting helplessly on the ground, shoulders shaking with cries, flinched. Hard. Then he looked up and saw that it was just Tony.

"Tony..." The teen's voice was broken. Tony walked over and knelt down in front of the teen.

"What happened Pete?" He asked gently.

"May...she...I..." Peter choked on his words. Tony got up and helped the teen stand.

"Come on Pete. Let's get you out of here," Tony said.

That's why Peter found himself at the compound, a blanket wrapped around his shoulders, Bruce cleaning his face where the glass had cut it, a mug of steaming hot chocolate in his hands, telling Tony what exactly happened.

"-and...that's what happened..."

Tony was rendered speechless out of pure rage. Bruce looked about ready to hulk out. "How long?" Was his only question.

"W-what?" Peter asked, not sure if he heard correctly.

"How fucking long Pete?" He asked. Peter flinched at his harsh tone.

"...s-since....since Uncle Ben's death...about two years ago..." Peter mumbled quietly. Tony's jaw clenched and he nodded. There was nothing but pure rage on his face. Peter, to say the least, was terrified out of his mind. He thought that Tony was angry at him. "I'm sorry..."

"Don't apologize Peter. It is not your fault," Tony said. Peter once again, broke. Completely this time. He began to mutter 'I'm sorry' through sobs as he was pulled into a hug by Tony, who spoke softly trying to quell the teen's fears.

It took Peter almost thirty minutes to calm down. By that time, Natasha and Clint had returned from S.H.E.I.L.D, Bucky and Steve had returned from training. Sam mosied on in, followed by Rhodey. Peter had fallen asleep on the couch. Tony sat on the end, Peter's feet over his lap. He had his phone out and was texting someone. He looked beyond angry.

"What's up Tones?" Rhodey asked. The genius looked up, an almost startled look crossed his features before it melted back into that angry...almost worried look. He glanced at Peter.

"I've got things I have to deal with...mind watching him?"

"Of course not," Clint piped up.

Natasha gave him a questioning look but nodded in agreement. Bruce followed Tony, who also beckoned for Steve to follow.

"What's going on Tony?" Steve asked gently, noticing the horrified look on the genius' face.

"It's really bad Steve...it's really bad..." Tony whispered.

“What’s really bad?” Steve questioned with a frown. Tony shook his head.

“Peter’s being abused,” Bruce spoke up. Steve’s eyes widened.

“Pepper’s getting a trustable lawyer.” Tony sighed. “Why didn’t I see it before?”

“You couldn’t have known Tony. Don’t do that to yourself,” Bruce said.

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Peter woke up. He was confused. He looked around. It all came rushing back to him. May kicking him out, throwing a bottle of wine at him, the yelling...the hitting...everything all at once. Peter felt himself panicking. A hand came down on his shoulder. Even though it was gentle, the teen flinched. Peter found himself back in the apartment.

“Peter it’s okay. Calm down.” Now she wanted him to calm down?? No fucking way that was happening. Peter’s thoughts were running about a mile an hour. His whole body was shaking. He squeezed his eyes shut and whimpered softly.

“D-don’t...please...I’m sorry...I’ll do better...” He mumbled. There was shuffling.

“Pete open your eyes for me,” Peter knew that voice. “It’s okay, you aren’t there anymore.”

Peter slowly opened his eyes, Tony coming in his line of vision. “M-Mr. S-stark..?”

“Yeah, Pete, it’s me. Are you with us now?”

Somehow Peter ended up on the floor. His back against the wall. Peter, simply nodded. Tony helped the teen to his feet. Peter’s knees buckled and he would have fallen over if Tony wasn’t helping him. “Sorry...” The teen mumbled.

“What did I tell you about apologizing Peter?” Tony asked. “I said that it’s-”

“Not my fault. I know,” The teen said. He sighed. Tony helped him over to the couch.

“How about some Pizza?” Tony asked. There were several hums in agreement.

“Sounds good,” Peter said. Soon they were all settled, plates of pizza in hand, watching Star Wars. Then Peter’s phone rang. The teen hesitantly answered it.

“Hello...?”

“Peter Benjamin Parker, Where the HELL are you?” Aunt May’s shrill voice could be heard throughout the room. “I come home to find all your things gone, and the house a mess!?”

“I-”

“Come home right this instant!”

The phone was taken out of a shaking Peter’s hands. “He will not be coming home. And if you EVER call him again...” Tony said.

“You’ll what Stark? You can’t keep me from seeing my nephew.”

“You can’t see him right now.” Tony hung up the phone. Peter was pale and shaking like a leaf. His breath was coming out in shaky pants.

"I-she...she needs me, Mr. Stark....I have...I have to go back..." Peter said. "Please! She needs me!"

"Peter, why on earth would you want to go back there!?" Tony yelled.

"May's sick, Mr. Stark. She needs me," Peter said getting up. He made a mad dash out before anyone could stop him. He ran all the way back to the apartment.

"Peter! I'm so glad you're okay!" She yelled as she hugged him. Peter tensed up.

"I'm sorry May...I'm so sorry," Peter said softly. May held him out, hands on his shoulders, arms extended.

"If you EVER do that again..." She threatened. Peter took note, she didn't smell like alcohol, she must be sober.

"I'm sorry Aunt May. It won't happen again. I promise," Peter said. His big brown eyes full of nothing but truth. She looked at him for a good long minute, before releasing his shoulders. Her mood clicked and she became angry all of a sudden.

"How fucking dare you leave without telling me? Something could have happened to you? Then where would we be? You fucking ungrateful child! I do so much for you and you just throw it all away! I work to get money to pay for your damn school and food! Do you know how much you cost PETER!? DO YOU?!" May said progressively getting angrier and louder.

"I-I'm sorry...I...I don't...I didn't...."

"Spit it out, boy!" She yelled. Peter stayed silent. His heart was pounding painfully against his ribcage. Peter felt a sting as May once again slapped him. "Well!?" Peter still refused to move...to speak. Peter was frozen in his spot. Panic-stricken. He didn't even calm down when the door was slammed open. It only made him panic more when hands grabbed at him. He could hear screaming. It took him a minute to realize it was him that was screaming. The hands were taken off him, he fell to the floor, curling up in a ball, not letting anyone touch him.

Peter

I felt my knees buckle under my weight. I couldn't breathe. I couldn't think. I didn't want anyone touching me. It took me a minute to realize that it was my own body making that horrid screeching sound. May...she was supposed to love me right...she loved me...right?

'Can't breathe, can't think, can't move. Can't breathe, can't think, can't move.' I could feel my hands shaking. I could hear my breaths coming in wheezing pants. Then, instantly, nothing. A small prick in my arm. I felt nothing. I heard nothing. I saw nothing. I was welcomed to a deep black abyss. No longer feeling, hearing, seeing. Nothing.

None

When Tony saw Peter in his panicked state, he panicked as well. It was like Peter was frozen on the spot. Then, Tony tried to guide him out...which resulted in the teen screaming bloody murder and swatting his hands away. The teen proceeded to fall to the floor. Screaming, breathing heavily, shaking worse than a leaf on a windy afternoon.

Queens police were called and May was arrested. Everything would be settled out in the morning. Bruce, who followed Tony, ran in. He knelt down to Peter, grabbed out a syringe and then all was silent.

"A sedative," Bruce said at Tony's questioning glance. Tony nodded in affirmation and picked up

Peter. They went back to the compound. The rest of the Avengers, were very worried when they saw Tony rush in with the limp teen in his hands. He assured them that he was alright. Then Peter was laid in a bed, covered up and left to rest.

“Fri?”

“Yes, Boss?”

“Alert me if Peter wakes up.”

“Of course, boss.”

Tony left Peter’s room and filled the rest in on what happened to Peter. That first night, was restless for all of them. Peter would wake up every few hours screaming. Thankfully, with the sedative still in his system, he was easily coaxed back to sleep. They say it’s always the first night that’s the worst. Little did they know it was just going to get harder.

Chapter two

Chapter Summary

OKAY, SO THERE IS MENTIONS OF RAPE IN THIS. IT ISN'T VERY DESCRIPTIVE BUT THERE IS A SCENE. Don't worry though...it isn't Peter. ALSO IF YOU ARE TRIGGERED BY ANYTHING IN THIS CHAPTER....PLEASE DON'T READ.

With that...

Chapter Notes

You saw the summary. Please don't read if any of these topics trigger you. Please read at your own risk. You have been warned. This chapter is basically based on the recent and really bad panic attack I had earlier this week. Also, there is some STONY finally

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter awoke with a start. His breathing was erratic. His heart was pounding madly against his ribcage. For some reason, he felt as if this wasn't the first time he'd woken up like this. Peter laid his head back down and tried to get his breathing under control.

"Mr. Peter? Would you like some assistance? You seem to be having a panic attack," The AI's cool voice reached Peter's ears.

"N-no. I-I'm f-fine," Peter stuttered out through breaths. "J-just need a m-minute t-to calm d-down." Peter sat up and put his shaking legs on the floor. He stood up and walked out of the room. He looked around the lounge room, it was still dark and no one was up. Peter made his way to the kitchen. Peter grabbed a glass, filled it with water, and sat at the kitchen table. He sipped at his glass of water, not seeing or hearing Steve who entered the room also thinking he was alone.

"Pete..?" The teen flinched, causing the chair to fall back with him in it. He had his head on the floor.

"Ouch."

"I'm sorry, are you okay?" Steve asked as he moved to help Peter up. Peter gladly took the help.

"It's okay," Peter replied softly. "You just startled me."

Peter picked the chair up and sat back down. Steve took a seat opposite of him. "Nightmares again?" Steve asked softly. Peter nodded. They sat in silence for a little while longer.

"How about you? Nightmares too..?" Whispered Peter.

"Yeah," Steve admitted. "But that's not important. Do you want to talk about it, Pete?"

"No...I'd rather not..." Peter said shivering slightly as the memories came back to him. The two

fell into a comfortable silence. Peter finished his glass of water and moved to put it in the sink. "I..think I'm gonna try to go back to bed," Peter said. His eyes half-lidded due to his extreme exhaustion.

"Me too," Steve responded softly getting up.

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Peter woke up feeling slightly better than he did last night, or... rather that morning when he woke up from a nightmare and talked to Steve. Peter stretched and let his feet slide to the floor. Peter gave a heavy sigh before walking out of his room.

The lounge room seemed lively, it seemed as though everyone else was up. Peter hesitantly walked in, thankfully, no one noticed. Peter sat down in the only open seat available. The floor. He sat there a good five minutes before anyone noticed him.

"Oh, hey Pete. When did you get up?" Tony asked. Peter gazed at him.

"About five minutes ago," Peter stated.

"Oh." Was all Tony said. "Well...I have some news..." Tony started. The entire room went quiet.

"What?"

"May's court date has been set." Tony looked at Peter. "And...you're going to have to testify Pete," He finished.

Peter's face lost all color. Instantly, the good aura in the room switched off like a light switch. Peter started shaking. He was taking forced deep breaths. "T-that's f-fine," Peter stuttered. He knew he was lying to himself. It wasn't fine. It wasn't okay. He didn't want to go against his aunt. Despite what she did, he couldn't bring himself to hate her. He was terrified to death of her, but he still loved her.

"No...no it's not Peter. We can all see that," Tony said softly. Peter shook his head.

"Yes. It's fine. I'm fine. Everything's fine." Peter didn't even sound so sure himself. "It's fine...it's going to be fine..." Peter kept mumbling to himself. Natasha knew a panic attack when she saw it.

"Peter." She spoke softly, moving in front of the teen. "Peter, you need to breathe," She said as she placed a hand on his shoulder. Peter took a forced, shaky breath. Sam knelt down by Natasha, both of them keeping their distance from the teen.

"Peter, tell me something you see."

"I...uh...N-Nat's s...sock.."

"Now describe it," Sam spoke softly.

"I don't know...it's fluffy..." Peter said.

"What color is it?"

"It's white...with some...black and...red.." Peter was starting to get more confident in his answers.

"Good. Now, how are you feeling?" Sam asked.

“A little light-headed...kinda worthless.” Peter hadn’t meant to let that last part slip.

“Why do you feel worthless?” Natasha asked. Her voice was soft, like a mother’s.

“I dunno...just how I feel,” Peter said taking Sam’s hand. Sam helped him up and guided Peter over to the couch where he was just sitting. It seemed as though everyone, save for Tony, left the room. Probably to give Peter some space.

Peter looked at Sam, then to Nat, finally to Tony. All three of them had very concerned looks on their faces. “Talk to us Pete,” Tony said softly. “Or we can just have Captain Spangles come in and make breakfast and we can put this aside for now.”

Peter’s lips turned up slightly at the nickname. Then it fell. “When?”

“What?”

“When is the date?”

“Tomorrow.”

Peter nodded. “Okay.” Was all he said.

The rest of the morning went by smoothly. They had breakfast talking happily amongst themselves, no one brought up Peter’s panic attack from earlier in the morning. Peter hung out with Steve and Bucky most of the day. Peter had grown on Bucky in just the little time they spent training.

Short Time Skip

Peter woke up the next morning, dreading the entire day. The teen was slow about getting ready and going out the door. Before Peter entered the courthouse, he paused and took a deep breath. ‘I can do this.’ He thought to himself.

A hand was placed gently on his shoulder. Peter couldn’t help but flinch slightly. “It’s going to be okay Pete. No matter what,” Tony said softly.

Peter

I was so nervous. I didn’t want to say anything against May, but I knew I needed to. despite all she put me through...I still love her. I felt a deep sense of dread in the pit of my stomach. I swallowed hard. My throat was beginning to close up as my time to speak came up.

“Plaintiff to the stand.”

I slowly walked up. Took the oath to speak nothing but the truth and then took a seat while the lawyers asked me questions. I could barely answer them. My heart was beating furiously against my rib-cage as I told them what happened, how long it was going on. I could feel my hands start to shake. It was getting harder and harder to breathe, to speak. My words came out in rushed sentences. My thoughts were getting jumbled. ‘Was it getting hot in there? Or is it just me?’ I thought to myself. I could feel the beads of sweat trickle down my forehead. I didn’t know why I was panicking so much.

“That’s all your honor,” Thomas, one of Tony’s lawyers said.

I was finally able to take my seat. I stiff felt panicky. I was downright terrified. I tried to keep my breathing slow, but that was getting hard. There was suddenly silence.

“The defendant has been proven guilty on all accounts and is sentenced to 21 years in prison,”

I felt myself break then, completely in half. I felt someone grab my shoulders, hoist me up and guide me out of the room. It was quiet where we went, I could hear my own erratic, wheezy breaths, which frightened me.

“Come on Spiderling, breathing is fun sometimes,” the voice said. I felt arms wrap around my torso and arms. I felt even more panicked for a second but soon I found it calming me. I broke down. My knees buckled and I would have fallen to the ground if not for the strong arms holding me up. I felt hot tears sliding down my cheeks. I wanted to get free of the arms holding me, to run and hide, but they were holding tightly, whispering soft words of comfort.

I felt so light-headed. Like I could keel over at any moment. Somehow we ended up on the floor.

“Shh Pete, it’s okay. It’s okay.” Now I knew that voice. Tony. “I know that was hard. But it’s going to be okay. I need you to calm down so we can get out of here,” Tony said.

“I’m sorry...,” I said quietly.

“Stop that Peter. It’s not your fault. Do you think you can stand now?”

I nodded. Tony helped me up and we slowly walked to his car, then Happy drove us home. I felt drained when I walked into the lounge room with Tony behind me. I felt the other’s eyes on me, though no one said a thing. Tony sat me down. I could feel the tension in the room, it was making my anxiety rise again. I leaned against whoever was beside me and let my eyes close. I heard hushed voices and then someone draped a blanket over me. Then nothing as I let sleep take me into its loving arms.

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None

Peter fell asleep against Bucky’s shoulder almost the second he sat down. Tony was talking to Steve about what happened in the courtroom and Natasha covered Peter with a soft blanket. As soon as he was sure Peter was asleep, Bucky moved him so that the teen’s head was resting on the couch cushion and his legs over Bucky’s lap.

“What are we going to do with him, Tony?” Clint asked.

“We are going to be there for him. Show him that we care. He has no one but us left, and he is never going back to her. Ever,” Tony said. They all looked to Peter’s sleeping form on the couch. It was final. They would protect Peter no matter the cost.

It was about 6 o’clock. Steve had started making dinner, while Clint set the table. Peter was still sleeping. Natasha was in the training room, Tony and Bruce were in the lab, and Bucky was still trapped under the sleeping teen. “Hey, Clint, go get Natasha. Bucky, try to wake Peter up. Friday?”

“Yes, Captain Rogers?”

“Let Tony and Bruce know dinner’s done.”

“Is that all, Captain Rogers?”

“Yes.”

The AI fell silent, Bucky woke Peter up, and soon everyone was sitting at the table. Steve had made chicken parmesan. Tony took note of how exhausted the teen looked. The dark purple bags

under his eyes. The distant, almost haunted look in his eyes. His pale complexion.

Peter pushed his food around his plate. Not feeling very hungry. Still, he knew he needed to eat, so he hesitantly brought a bite to his lips. Everything from today was still fresh in his mind.

‘She’s in jail because of you!’ His mind screamed. Peter let loose a quiet sob not able to stop the sound from escaping his lips. ‘She’ll never forgive you!’ To stop himself from making any more noise he shoved a bite in his mouth. He could feel their eyes on him. Especially Nat, Tony, and Bucky.

“Pete...?” Came Nat’s soft voice.

“M’fine,” the teen mumbled after finishing the bite of food. He someone’s thumb rub against his cheek.

“Why are you crying?” She asked. Peter made a move to wipe away the tears on his cheeks, though, his attempt was in vain as more filled their place.

“Is...is it bad that...that I miss her...?” Peter asked. They all knew instantly what he was talking about.

“It’s not bad Peter. You’ve been with her your whole life,” Steve said.

“But...I feel like I should be happy...I feel like I should be relieved...but I’m not!”

Everyone could feel Peter’s anguish and fear. He was, after all, only seventeen years old.

“Don’t try to deny your feelings because you think you should be feeling something else,” Bucky said. Peter’s eyes snapped to him. The teen then looked down.

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t apologize bud. You have nothing to apologize for,” Clint said. They continued eating without talking. There wasn’t much else to say, and no one said anything against it because it was a welcome, comfortable silence.

Peter went to bed right after dinner. He crawled into the big bed with warm covers. “Friday...?”

“Yes, Mr. Parker?”

“Firstly, call me Peter. And can you turn the lights out?” Peter asked softly.

“Of course, Peter.” The lights went out, leaving Peter covered in the warm white covers. Peter let his eyes fall closed.

XX

“He seemed pretty upset about all this,” Tony said, “and I know that’s to be expected, I just didn’t expect him to....freak out as much as he did.”

“Tony. He’s seventeen. He literally lost everyone in his family. We’re all he has left. The kid’s right to freak out like he is,” Steve said wrapping his arms around Tony’s waist, then leaning down and giving Tony a quick kiss.

“I know Steve.” Tony put his arms around Steve’s neck.

“Let’s go to bed. We can talk more about this in the morning,” Steve said. The two slipped into the

bed, Steve's arms around Tony's torso.

Tony pecked Steve on the forehead and mumbled sleepily, "I love you." Steve merely hummed in response, almost asleep.

XX

Peter woke up...or more like, he jumped up. He couldn't remember the nightmare, but he knew it was bad. Peter dug through his bag and got out his Spiderman suit. "Friday, don't tell anyone I'm leaving," The teen said quietly.

"I cannot, I am programmed to tell boss anytime you leave the building," the AI said simply. Peter contemplated. He didn't know what to do now.

"Fine. I guess it doesn't matter anyway. Just...open the window," Peter said after he got his suit on. It'd been a while since he's been out on patrol. Peter swung from the window, soon he was in the air swinging around New York. He perched himself on top of a building. Silently listening for any signs of crime. It was silent at 3:30 am in New York, save for the sounds of traffic.

Then he heard it. A blood-curdling scream. Peter followed the sound and soon came to an alleyway. There was a dark figure over a girl who was on the ground. She was whimpering, it didn't take long for Peter to realize what was happening. His eyes widened in horror as he yelled at the man, "get away from her!"

He watched in agonizing horror as the man pulled out of the woman and turn around to face him. The man scrambled to pull his jeans up. Then he dug in his coat pocket and pulled out a gun. Peter froze as he pointed it at the girl. "No! wait!" He yelled but it was too late. The shot rang out and the girl fell limp. Blood starting to form in a pool under her. While Peter's eyes were focused on the dead girl, the man got away, disappearing into the shadows.

Peter bent over the girl, an array of emotions ran through him. "Oh my god..." He whispered brokenly. His hands shaking, his mind a mess, Peter left the scene, not wanting to think about it anymore. He swung furiously to the Stark tower, went through his open window, ran to the bathroom and ended up on the floor by the toilet throwing up. He couldn't get the image out of his mind.

"F-Friday?"

"Yes, Peter?"

"W-what t-time is it?" Peter asked softly.

"4: 30a.m."

Peter let his head rest against the cool porcelain. He shivered and slowly got to his feet, turned the water on, and grabbed a t-shirt and sweatpants. Peter took the suit off and stepped into the hot water, letting loose a sigh as the water helped soothe his aching muscles. He grabbed his razor blade. 'It's all your fault' his mind yelled at him. 'You let him get away!'

Peter put the cool metal to his wrist and dragged it across in one smooth motion. He did this until there were ten cuts that littered each arm. They were jagged and messy looking. His blood swirled with the water down the drain. Peter sank to the floor, the hot water now stinging him. He blatantly ignored the pain, because the pain in his heart was much bigger than any physical pain he felt.

After sitting there for ten minutes crying, Peter got up, turned the water off, and bandaged his

wrists, albeit messily. He threw on his clothes and put on an oversized, black hoodie. He then let himself fall onto the bed.

Peter cried some more, not for himself, but for the girl he failed to protect. It was 6:00 and the sun was beginning to rise. Peter ended up falling asleep again.

The teen woke up and walked to the lounge room. He heard the news playing. “Madison Lyons was found dead in an alley earlier this morning. The kidnapped girl was raped and then shot. More information about her coming soon,” The reporter said. Peter felt his breathing quicken. His hands began to shake as he walked in. Another reporter was at the scene. There was a headline. ‘Where is Spiderman?’ “Why wasn’t she saved like so many others? Where was the vigilante when she needed him like so many others?”

The TV switched off. But the damage had already been done. “Pete...” There came a whisper.

“I...I couldn’t save her...” Peter’s eyes were wide, fearful, guilt-filled. “I tried...I couldn’t...I-” Peter was cut off by being wrapped in warm, strong arms.

“It’s not your fault Peter. You know you can’t save everyone.”

“But I was right there! I could have saved her...But I couldn’t because I’m weak...” Peter said. “I’m stupid...I just stood there...I couldn’t move...I-” Peter stopped talking. The memories were vivid and clear in his mind.

“Pe-”

“Don’t.” Peter pulled away from the hug. “Don’t you dare try to say that I did what I could. Don’t lie. I could have done better. Someone is dead because I can’t get my thoughts in check. Someone is dead because of me!” Pete yelled. His emotions took a 180. He wasn’t sad or shocked anymore. He was angry with himself. “It’s my own stupid fault...and I’m done. I’m done with everything.” The teen walked away. “I’m done being spiderman.”

Tony stood there, shocked to the core. “Oh dear.,” Clint said softly.

Chapter End Notes

Anyway, I know it's pretty chaotic, but this is really just a vent fic
soooooooooooooooooooooo. I hope you enjoyed it!!!

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

THIS CHAPTER HAS A VERY DARK THEME. SUICIDE ATTEMPT IN THIS CHAPTER! READ AT YOUR OWN RISK! IF THIS TRIGGERS YOU, PLEASE DON'T READ!

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED

Chapter Notes

THIS CHAPTER HAS A VERY DARK THEME. SUICIDE ATTEMPT IN THIS CHAPTER! READ AT YOUR OWN RISK! IF THIS TRIGGERS YOU, PLEASE DON'T READ!

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED TWICE NOW

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As if the night before didn't happen, Peter went to school the next day. No one said anything to him. As always, Flash decided to be an utter asshole for no reason whatsoever, then the fact that he just hated Peter for some ungodly reason.

"Finally decided to show up for school?" Flash snapped. Peter ignored him, which in turn only made Flash angrier. Flash grabbed Peter's shoulders, causing the tense teen to flinch.

"L-leave me alone Flash," Peter said. Flash didn't.

"So I heard your aunt snapped. I heard she beat you. Well, you probably deserved it and if I was in charge of you. I'd probably do the same thing. I bet she would have rather died than have spent any more time with you."

Peter clenched his teeth, trying not to retaliate. Flash didn't stop there though. "Stupid puny Parker has no family left." Flash gave a bellowing laugh.

Peter had a feeling that going to school was probably going to be a bad thing. He knew he was still emotionally unstable. "Just proves no one really loves you." Flash let go of Peter. The teen's knees buckled and he fell to the ground. "I hope you die, Parker."

"Not true..." He tried to argue.

"Eugene Thompson, Peter Parker. Office. Both of you. Now." The teacher said. Peter got slowly to his feet and walked as slow as he could. He knew it wasn't his fault, but he was in trouble now. Peter waited until the principal was done with Flash and then was called in. Flash walked in with a smug look on his face.

"Peter," The principal said. "Come in." He sounded absolutely exhausted and done with

everything.

“Mr.-” Peter wasn’t even given a chance to explain as he sat down.

“Peter. You are a good kid. But this was the last straw. This is the seventh time in these past couple weeks that you’ve gotten in a fight with Eugene. I know you’ve been through a lot, but you cannot be going around starting fights.” Peter looked at him. Eyes wide and disbelieving.

“You can’t possibly think I started it.” Peter’s voice was teary. Great...there goes another person he thought he could trust.

“I don’t really care who started it. You’re being suspended for ten days.” Peter was shocked. He’d never actually been suspended before. Peter ran out of the building. Ignoring every call that was aimed at him. He dug out his phone and slammed his fingers angrily on Tony’s contact.

“Peter? What’s up bud? Aren’t you supposed to be in school?” Tony asked.

“I’ll explain later. Can you just come and pick me up?” Peter asked. The teen was close to tears.

“I’m on my way. But you have some explaining to do.”

Peter waited. As soon as Tony got there, Peter got in the car, put his seat belt on, and began explaining.

“-and so I got in trouble and suspended for something I didn’t even start!” Peter had himself worked up in the end. Hot, angry tears were sliding down his face. “Why does no one listen to me!?”

“Pete, I know it’s upsetting, but you need to calm down. You’re going to send yourself into another panic attack. Breathe.”

Peter didn’t realize how much he was freaking out until Tony said that. He felt himself draw in a deep breath, taking away the almost faint feeling he had. Once they arrived at the compound Peter stormed up to his room. Tony followed him. Clint and Natasha gave them a concerned glance, which Tony just brushed it off.

“Tony, I’m fine. You don’t have to baby me,” Peter said softly as Tony walked in behind him.

“I just wanna make sure you’re okay,” Tony replied. Peter sighed softly.

“I’m fine.”

“Just...tell me if you need anything, yeah?”

“I will.”

Tony left Peter’s room and closed the door. Peter flopped down on his bed exasperatedly. The teen was heading in a downward spiral. Everything was going....wrong. Nothing was going the way Peter wanted it to go. Peter was soon pulled into a nightmare filled sleep.

XX

Peter found himself in a very familiar position. Sitting up, hunched over his legs, breathing heavily. Hands shaking like there was no tomorrow. Peter got up and went to the lounge room. No one was there. Peter walked by the window, looking out. The teen stood there, wondering if he jumped from this high, would it kill him? Peter just continued to stand there, thinking about dying.

'Eter? Peter? Earth to Peter," Tony said. Peter blinked and looked at Tony, who was looking rather worried.

"S-sorry w-what?"

"Are you okay?"

"Y-yeah." Peter mentally cursed himself for stuttering. The teen took a deep breath. "I'm fine," he said more confidently. Tony looked skeptical, but let it pass.

"We are getting ready to order some pizza, any requests?"

"Pepperoni or cheese is fine," Peter replied. Tony nodded and walked out of the room. Peter sat on the couch. Bruce walked in and sat by Peter.

"Hey, Pete."

"Hi," Peter said.

"You okay?" Bruce asked a slight note of concern laced his voice.

"Yeah. I'm fine."

Peter didn't sound so sure. They fell into a welcomed silence. The silence allowed his thoughts to come back. Before Peter could stop himself, he spoke. "Have you ever wondered what it would be like to just let go?"

Bruce's eyes snapped to Peter's. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Like...nevermind...I'm not making any sense.." Peter said with a frown. Bruce could tell he was shutting down again.

"You are making sense," Bruce argued. "Just tell me what comes to mind."

"It's stupid..." Peter said.

"I don't believe that." Peter completely shut down. He didn't say anything. Bruce gave him props for trying. "If you want to talk, I'm here."

"I know..." Peter whispered. He pulled his knees to his chest and wrapped his arms around his legs. His head rested on his knees. "Bruce...?"

"Yeah, Peter?"

"W-what would you do if someone told you...you know...if they told you to basically die...?" Peter asked. His voice rose in pitch at the end. He seemed afraid of the answer. "Hypothetically...I mean..."

Bruce narrowed his eyes at Peter. "Hypothetically...I'd probably go to someone I trusted would help. Peter is something going on that you aren't telling me?"

Peter's bottom lip trembled. Bruce didn't sound too happy. "J-just someone at school not being too nice...but it's no big deal..." Peter said timidly.

"It is a big deal," Bruce said. "What happened?"

"Just a kid at school. He..." Peter broke off. "He kept telling me that...that...no one..." Peter took a

deep breath. He didn't think it would be this hard, to tell the truth. "That no one really wants me around and stuff," Peter finally admitted. Bruce frowned, looking a little green. Peter, not knowing any better, thought Bruce was mad at him. "I'm sorry..."

"Don't be sorry Peter. It's not your fault. Listen to me." Bruce waited until Peter looked at him. Bruce looked very concerned and alarmed. "I want you to promise me, that you won't listen to what this kid is telling you." Bruce sounded serious.

"I promise.." Peter whispered softly.

Soon the tension in the room was lifted as everyone else came in, especially Clint. They decided to watch a movie to lift all the bad tension. Once the pizza got there, Peter grabbed one slice. He took one bite and realized how hungry he actually was. After that, Peter downed at least four other pieces. Their conversations were light-hearted. Peter, for once in a long time, felt almost happy.

Peter went to bed that night without any nightmares.

XX

The next three days went by smoothly for Peter. Well, as smooth as they could go for someone with a terrible case of depression and anxiety and everything else that could be wrong, he did often, find himself thinking about the girl. He truly wanted to save her...but he found himself frozen...unable to do his job. Tony didn't seem mad at all, and in fact, he actually called the school to yell at the principal on Peter's behalf. Everyone tried to keep up a light mood for Peter. They could see through the mask he was putting on.

In truth, Peter was tired. Tired of being pushed around by Flash. Tired of being weak. Tired of being scared. Tired of being broken. Tired of being ignored. He was tired of being tired. In the ten days, Peter was suspended, the teen spent a lot more time contemplating suicide. He wanted to be free of this life...but he didn't want to...no he couldn't break his promise to Bruce. He promised he wouldn't let it get to him. And there he was, sitting on his bed, wondering if the world would actually be better without him.

Peter knew he should talk to someone about what he was feeling. But, he didn't want to worry them, to burden them any more than he already had. They had done so much for him, and there was nothing he could do that would ever amount to everything they've done. Tony took him in, gave him sweet release from everything that was happening with Aunt May. Tony helped him with his panic attacks. The others gave him something he didn't have anymore. A family. Peter had a family because of the Avengers.

Clint was the silly Uncle. Bruce was the science Uncle. Rhodey was the favorite Uncle. Sam was the fun Uncle. Nat reminded him of the sweet and caring Aunt May before Uncle Ben died. And Tony and Steve were like the parents he never had...well didn't remember. Peter didn't know what to think about the fact that Tony and Steve were like the parents he never had. A few fond memories ran through his head, making him smile. But as his thoughts drifted elsewhere again, his smile faded.

'You're just burdening them. They don't want to tell you because they don't want to hurt your sensitive feelings'. The voices were back.

'They don't actually want you around. No one does'.

'You let them in, now they can hold it against you'.

'You're broken. No one wants a broken superhero'.

‘No one needs you’.

‘You failed to save a girl. She’s dead because of you!’

Peter grabbed the sides of his head, pulling on his hair, trying to get the voices to shut up. But, it seemed as though they wanted Peter to listen, to follow what they say. “Stop it! Stop it!” Peter yelled over and over again. Tony came bursting into the room as soon as Friday notified him of Peter’s actions.

“Peter stop that, you’re going to hurt yourself!” Tony said as he rushed over to Peter. He grabbed the teen’s hands.

“Make it stop Tony!” Peter cried with a small whimper. Peter let his arms fall, Tony held Peter’s hands firmly in his own. Tony looked at Peter with brown eyes full of worry.

“Make what stop, Peter?”

Peter’s originally tense form relaxed as Tony wrapped him into a hug. “Shh Pete. It’s going to be okay,” Tony whispered.

It was as if Peter didn’t hear him. The teen was still begging for the voices to stop. Telling Tony he was sorry. Peter’s vision was beginning to black around the edges as he tried to get a good breath in. Then just like that, everything stopped. Peter, still crying softly, looked around the room. Tony was in front of him looking more concerned than ever. Bruce was beside him with a small syringe.

“You with us now, Pete?” Tony’s voice was shaky as if he was scared. Peter nodded then, he let himself fall against Tony’s shoulder.

“I’m sorry...” he whispered brokenly.

“Don’t be sorry. It’s not your fault.” There was a gentle hand rubbing circles on his back, another carding fingers through his hair. Peter felt himself falling asleep.

XX

“What’d you give him Bruce?” Tony asked softly as to not wake the sleeping teen.

“Propranolol. It’s a beta-blocker, it’s something used to help with anxiety. It lowers heart rate and blood pressure. It’s one-hundred percent safe,” Bruce explained, hearing the note of concern in Tony’s voice. Tony slid one arm under Peter’s neck and the other under his knees.

“I’m not leaving him alone.” Was all Tony said at Bruce’s confused look. “He can sleep on the couch where it’s easier for someone to get to him if this happens again.”

Bruce nodded and the two left the room. Peter still slept in Tony’s arms. Tony placed Peter on the couch.

“Fir?” He called out.

“Yes, Boss?” The AI responded.

“Let me know if Peter wakes up. Also, let the others know Peter’s sleeping if they decide to come barging in loudly.”

“Friday gave an affirmative ‘yes’ then fell silent. Tony went to his lab to tinker.

XX

As Tony suspected, Clint would probably be the one to barge into the living room and be as loud as possible. "I'M BACK!" Clint yelled as he walked in. Natasha had walked in slightly before him.

"Clint shut up!" Natasha whispered loudly.

"Why?" Clint whined.

"Boss has instructed me to tell you Peter is asleep and to be quiet," Friday said. Even her tone was hushed.

"Ohhhhhh!" Clint said, still loudly. Natasha gave him a glare. "Right..sorry," Clint said a little softer.

Natasha sat down in a chair after getting changed into more comfy clothes. She turned on a show, making sure to keep the volume down for Peter who was still sleeping on the couch. Clint went to train in the archery room Tony had designed him.

Peter woke up sometime later, feeling immensely guilty for once again panicking.

"Hey, Peter. You feeling okay?" She asked concern slipping into her voice.

"Yeah. Just gotta find Tony." Peter got up off the couch and headed to Tony's lab.

XX

"Boss. Peter is requesting access," Friday said.

"Let him in Fri."

In came walking Peter, looking mildly disheveled from his nap. There was something else in his eyes Tony couldn't place.

"Tony," Peter said.

"Pete, what's up?" Tony asked looking up.

Peter fidgeted with his hands. Tony had told him numerous times that he didn't need to apologize for panicking, but he couldn't help it. "I'm...uh...sorry for...ya know...uh....freaking out earlier...I don't know"

"Peter." Tony's voice was harsh. "Stop apologizing for things you have absolutely no control over," Tony's voice got a little softer as he noticed Peter flinch at his harsh tone. Tony walked over so he was in front of the teen. "It's okay Peter." Tony brought a thumb up to Peter's cheek and wiped his tears away.

Peter had a haunted look in his eyes. "I don't know what's wrong with me..." Peter whispered.

"Nothing is wrong with you Peter," Tony said, "absolutely nothing."

Peter nodded, not able to say anything else. Tony wrapped him in a hug. Peter felt himself relaxing in the familiar hold.

"What do you say we go bug Stevie about dinner, yeah?" Tony asked laughter evident in his voice.

“Sure..,” Peter said.

“Let’s go then.” Tony and Peter went to go find Steve. They soon found him in the gym. He didn’t notice them, Tony and Peter looked at each other. Both knowing exactly what the other was thinking. Peter ran climbed up the walls and was soon on the ceiling, right over Steve. Tony snuck up behind him.

Peter let himself fall from the ceiling, landing on Steve’s back. Steve gave a soft ‘oof’. “Peter!” He yelled. There was no heat to his tone whatsoever. In fact, he had a big grin on his face. “Don’t scare me like that!”

Tony laughed. Peter let himself laugh as well. Peter hopped off of Steve’s back. Tony walked in front of Steve and wrapped his arms around Steve’s neck. “I should have known you were behind this,” Steve said.

“Yes, you should have Cap.” Tony placed his lips on Steve’s.

“AHH, MY EYES!” Peter yelled covering his face and running out of the room yelling.

“It’s about time they all knew anyway, eh Capsicle?” Tony asked.

“I suppose,” Steve said.

And that seemed to be the new topic at dinner. Peter had told Clint, who told Natasha. There was no denying it anymore. Natasha could see through even the best of lies. Peter smiled a lot more. But no one knew the emotional turmoil he was going through. His thoughts were constantly on Maddison Lyons, the girl he failed to save. He was constantly thinking about what Flash said. His thoughts were overwhelming, but he still tried to keep up his happy state. Peter saw the looks he was getting from Nat every now and then. He knew she could see right through him. But...in truth, he didn’t really care. He thought, ‘at this point...I might as well not hide it. But look at them, they are all so happy...and I don’t want to ruin that’.

Peter couldn’t sleep that night. He couldn’t stop thinking about Maddison Lyons. The look of pure fear that was on her face. His senses screaming at him to save her. Him being too shocked to do anything. Peter laid on his bed, looking at the ceiling. The guilt of not helping her weighing on his shoulders heavily.

Peter sighed. He got up and walked to the bathroom. The urge to cut had never been so strong. Peter grabbed his blade. Then, he remembered what he promised Bruce. Peter’s hands began to shake. Peter fell to his knees, then sat down on the bathroom floor. The blade was clenched in his fist.

Peter’s hand started to sting. Crimson blood began flowing onto the floor. The teen didn’t care. He needed the pain, and soon it became numb. Nothing could compare to the debilitating guilt he felt for not saving the girl.

“What is wrong with me...?” Peter whispered brokenly, the teen got up and found a bottle of pills. He opened the cap and poured as many as he could fit in his hands. He grabbed a cup of water and downed the ones in his hands. Peter began to feel slightly lightheaded as the pills ran through his system. He downed another small handful. His thoughts were beginning to become mottled. He fell to the ground unable to keep himself up anymore. His hand was still bleeding, the blade being clenched in his hand causing the cut to become bigger.

Hands. Hands were on him. Taking the bottle of pills from his own hands. Peter protested madly. There were voices. Angry, worried, hurt voices.

“NO!” Peter yelled. Peter tried his hardest to fight off the person.

“Peter let go of the damn bottle!” Tony yelled. He had Peter’s hands in his own. “Fuck it, Friday get Steve now!”

“On it Boss.”

Steve walked in a few minutes later. His eyes widened at Peter who was growing more and more tired. Steve grabbed Peter from behind as Bruce came rushing in.

“Let go!” Peter’s attempts to fight them off were growing weaker. He didn’t want to be saved. He wanted to die. He deserved to die. The teen closed his eyes. “Please just let me die...”

XX

Peter

I downed another small handful. my thoughts were beginning to become mottled. I fell to the ground unable to keep myself up anymore. My hand was still bleeding, the blade being clenched in my hand causing the cut to become bigger.

Hands. Hands were on me. Taking the bottle of pills from my own hands. I protested madly. There were voices. Angry, worried, hurt voices. I didn’t care. All I could think of was the sweet release of death.

“NO!” I yelled. I tried my hardest to fight off the person.

“Peter! Let go of the damn bottle!” Tony yelled. He had my hands in his own. “Fuck it, Friday get Steve now!”

Doesn’t he understand that I don’t want to be here anymore? That I’m tired of trying? That I’m tired of everything bad happening to me and any good I do comes backlashing at me?

“On it Boss.”

Steve walked in a few minutes later. His eyes widened. Steve grabbed me from behind as Bruce came rushing in.

“Let go!”

I wanted to scream, my attempts to fight them off were growing weaker. I didn’t want to be saved. I wanted to die. I deserved to die. I closed my eyes, begging one last time, “please just let me die...”
The world went black.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed chapter three. I know...still not very good. I have issues, everyone thinks it's good and I think it's trashy. I guess it doesn't matter anyway.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

We just gonna get on with the story. Notes will be at the bottom this time.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

None

Tony was a mess.....well, they all were. One minute, Peter was okay, he was laughing, smiling, talking, having fun. And the next...he was attempting suicide. They knew he was broken, but none of them realized the true extent of his pain. Bruce was just barely keeping his cool as he watched over Peter.

For a week and a half, it wasn't known if Peter was going to wake up. For a week, everyone was on edge, refusing to go on any kind of mission. For a week they didn't sleep much. All the happiness was drained as Peter fluctuated between consciousness and unconsciousness. I wasn't fully known if the teen was actually going to wake up. Bruce was doing everything he could.

"Tony, come on. This isn't good for you," Steve said with concern as he once again tried to coax Tony out of the lab. Tony finally turned to look at Steve. His eyes had lost all shine and were dull. This only caused Steve's concern to grow.

"How could I not have seen it?" Tony asked brokenly. "How could I not have seen that it was that bad?"

"None of us saw it, love," Steve said walking over to Tony and wrapping his arms around the smaller man. Tony buried his head in Steve's chest. Tony gave a shaky breath, taking in the comforting smell of Steve's cologne.

"I should have done better...I should have--"

"Don't do that Tony," Steve said pushing Tony away so he could look him in the eyes. "Don't put this on yourself." Tony's lip trembled, but he refused to break. He needed to be strong for Peter. Bruce told Tony that the main reason Peter wasn't awake yet was that he was extremely sleep deprived. That his body was just catching up on sleep.

XX

Peter

When I came to...well more like became aware, I heard a persistent beeping sound. Then, with great fear and something else I couldn't describe, I realized I was still alive. The beeping sped up along with the beating of my heart. Suddenly there were voices, thick with worry. "Pete, it's okay. You're okay." The voice, oddly familiar. Everything came back to me, smacking me in the face hard. Tony finding me, trying to commit suicide. I couldn't breathe. I tried to commit suicide...and I failed...I'm a failure.

'Can't do anything right. You're stupid.'

‘Wonderful, now you have to deal with the backlash.’

‘They’re gonna walk on eggshells around you.’

‘No one wants someone who’s broken.’

‘They are gonna be mad at you.’

‘They’ll kick you out for this.’

‘You’re a burden.’

“Peter breathe.” A voice cut through everything else going on in my head. I sucked in a breath. I didn’t even realize I’d been holding my breath. Tony’s worried face was in front of mine. Steve was standing off to my right looking just as worried. Bruce on my left. The light was almost blinding. I kept them squeezed shut.

“I’m sorry...” I breathed out. I looked at my hands. “I’m sorry...” I couldn’t say anything else. That was the only thing on my mind.

“Hey, it’s okay,” Tony’s voice was soft, forgiving. I didn’t deserve it. I didn’t deserve his kindness. I can’t believe they forgave me...I can’t...

“It-It’s not okay though!” I yelled with a sob. “I promised...I promised I wouldn’t let it get to me...”

“Peter. Don’t do that to yourself,” Bruce said softly. I looked at Bruce. The emotions I felt were overwhelming. I knew I’d gone back on my word. Why was he so calm about this? How could he be so calm about this?

“But I promised...and I broke it...” I whispered brokenly.

“The only thing that matters is you’re alive,” Tony said. I was about to say something else, but I closed my mouth. Tony pulled me into a hug. I was hesitant but slowly wrapped my arms around Tony.

“I’m sorry...” I whispered again. I just didn’t know what else to say. I felt hot tears sliding down my cheeks.

“Shh. Don’t worry,” Tony soothed.

“It’s all going to be okay. But you gotta talk to us Pete,” Steve said, moving to be right beside my bed.

“I know...It’s just...hard...” I said. I pulled away from the hug, albeit reluctantly.

“I know it’s hard, but we’ll get through it together, yeah?”

I looked from Tony to Steve to Bruce, then back at Tony. “Yeah. Are...are the other’s...upset...?”

Steve looked at me. “Yes, but not in the way you think. Do you want them to be here?”

I didn’t know what to say. I wanted to see them, but I didn’t want them to be angry. I knew they’d be angry at me. Steve left the room.

I waited. Clint was the first to walk in. Then Tasha, Sam, and Rhodey. They all looked tired. In

fact...every single one of them looked exhausted. Tony and Bruce looking the more so than the others. I was feeling super guilty now.

“m’ sorry guys...” I felt sick. Not like the ‘I’m going to throw up’ sick, but the ‘my anxiety is so high’ sick. Natasha, for once, had emotion on her face. She looked like she was about to cry. She walked over to me and pulled me into a hug.

“Shh, маленький паук(Little Spider)...Don’t worry,” she said softly. I could feel my tense muscles relaxing. They weren’t mad.

“We should have realized how bad it was...” Clint said sitting on the end of my bed. I swallowed hard. His words only made me feel more guilty. I couldn’t talk. I knew if I did, I’d cry. Again. I could already feel the horrible sadness in the deep pits of my stomach.

There was a hand on my face, gently gliding over my cheek. “Don’t cry, Pete.”

I sniffed, not able to hold the dam back, I let loose a sob.

None

Peter let loose a heart-wrenching sob. Everyone watched as the teen broke down. Their eyes filled with sadness. Tony looked the worst of all. Peter was like a son to him. Tony sat on the other side of the bed, Peter practically flung himself onto Tony. He whispering ‘I’m sorry’ over and over again. Tony reassured him that he didn’t need to apologize, while subconsciously raking his fingers through the teen’s hair.

XX

A day later and Bruce released Peter. Every bottle of pills of any kind, every sharp thing, razors, knives, were removed from the teen’s room. They wanted to be cautious.

Peter laid on his bed. Staring at the ceiling. There was a soft knock at the door before he could even answer Steve walked in. “What’s the purpose of knocking if you aren’t going to wait?”

“To warn you before I walk in.” Steve sat down. “How are you feeling?” Peter wanted to lie. He wanted to say he was fine. But...everyone knew he wasn’t. Everyone. So, he didn’t say anything. “We’re having a movie night...do you want to join us?” Steve asked.

“Sure.” Peter sat up. “Yeah. I don’t really wanna be alone...” The teen admitted.

“Okay. Come on,” Steve said. The two of them headed to the lounge room. Peter sat snugly in between Tony and Bruce. Steve was on the other side of Tony. Clint and Natasha were on the other couch. Sam in the recliner and Rhodey was sitting on the other end of the couch Clint and Natasha were on.

They laughed, joked, talked, had fun. Peter couldn’t help but try to let himself forget the events of the past few weeks. Although, he still couldn’t help the immense sadness and guilt he felt.

As his thoughts were correct, everyone was walking on eggshells around him. He didn’t want that. He wanted everything to go back to normal.

The next day, Tony and Bruce sat Peter down. “W-what’s going on?” Peter asked, a slight stutter in his voice.

“Who’s the kid from school?” Just like Bruce to get to the point.

“...”

“We want a name, Pete,” Tony said.

“F-Flash...F-Flash Thompson...” Peter cursed himself for stuttering so heavily.

“Bruce, sit with him. I’ve got some things to take care of.” With that, Tony left the room.

Peter looked Bruce in the eyes, without stuttering he said quietly, “Bruce...I’m sorry.” The scientist looked at Peter, just as intently.

“Don’t be sorry Peter. I know you feel pretty shitty right now, but you don’t have to apologize,” Bruce said. Bruce had a look of truthfulness in his eyes. Peter gave his best attempt at a smile.

XX

“-Now you better do something about it before I sue that damned school!” Tony yelled through the phone. He looked angry as he continued to argue with Peter’s principle.

Peter and Bruce were still talking, the subject had been changed and now they were talking about something that made Peter’s eyes light up. They were discussing Bruce’s books and how Peter’s read every one of them.

Rhodey and Sam talked to Peter. The teen agreed to talk to them if no one else. Peter was feeling slightly better now that he was talking about everything on his mind. A lot of stuff alarmed the adults because Peter was just a kid, who had the weight of the world on his shoulders.

XX

Flash Thompson could not feel guiltier. He was now sitting in the principal’s office getting an earful he was almost sure he deserved. When he heard from Peter’s friend Ned, that Peter tried to kill himself because of Flash, immediately he began to realize that what he was doing...what he did was wrong.

Flash’s father was noticed of his behavior. Least to assure his father was furious. Flash hated being on the receiving end of his father’s wrath. It was always horrible. Flash sighed as he sat in the car, tuning out his father’s yelling.

XX

Peter looked at Tony. “Y-you called the school...?” Peter asked.

“Yes. I couldn’t just let it go Peter.”

Tony thought Peter was angry until the teen hugged him. “Thank you.”

“No problem kiddo.” Tony smiled. “Why don’t we go see what good ol’ Capsicle is making for dinner, yeah?”

“Yeah.” Tony and Peter headed to the communal area. Peter flopped himself onto the couch beside Bucky and Tony walked up behind Steve and hugged him.

“Morning love,” Steve said with a smile. Tony put his face against Steve’s back, taking in his familiar and comforting scent.

“Morning,” He mumbled. There came a burst cackling laughter from the living room. Tony and Steve turned around to see Clint and Bucky laughing hysterically and Peter sitting on the couch, wide-eyed and shaking.

“CLINT!!” the teen yelled loudly, getting up off the couch and running after Clint. Tony allowed himself to smile. Steve chuckled to himself and went back to flipping pancakes. Clint came back into the kitchen holding his cheek and soaked to the bone with water. He did not look happy.

Peter walked in behind him looking smug, but angry at the same time. “That’s what you get,” he muttered under his breath. Peter sat at the table. “We having pancakes?” He asked.

“Mm-hmm,” Steve hummed. Clint sat across from Peter at the table. Soon the others were up and sitting at the table, chattering lightly amongst themselves as they ate breakfast. Peter began telling Tony what happened this morning.

“-and so I dumped a bucket of water on him,” Peter finished.

“And punched me in the face,” Clint muttered.

“Well, you deserved it.”

“Did not!”

“Did too!”

“Did not!”

“Did too!”

“I did not!”

“Enough you two,” Steve said with a laugh.

“He started it,” Peter mumbled under his breath. The rest of the morning went by quickly.

It was Saturday night. Peter was sitting with everyone else in the lounge room watching Star Wars. Once the movie was over, Peter went to bed. No one objected as they knew he was tired.

Peter’s nightmare

Peter’s senses screamed at him to move as a hand came down onto him. He refused to move. “You ungrateful BRAT!” Aunt May screamed. “I do everything for you! And this is how you repay me!?”

“I-”

“No, you don’t get to speak!”

Peter knew she was angry. She always blew up around the anniversary of his death. She blamed him, and if he was being honest....he too blamed himself. She was right. He was ungrateful. She punched, kicked, and slapped him. Yelling as she did so. Peter was terrified, but still, he refused to move. A few tears escaped his eyes. “I’m sorry!” He yelled in anguish. He begged for her to stop, yet, she didn’t. She never listened to him. He deserved it though. He didn’t deserve kindness in any shape or form.

Aunt May's face morphed into Tony's. "You're not important. You're nothing. You are a burden to all of us. I don't even know why I took you in," Tony snapped. Peter's heart broke into a million pieces at that.

"I-" once again, the teen was cut off.

"Shut up!" Tony yelled.

"Peter...Peter wake up!" came a worried voice. Peter's eyes snapped to open, fear evident in the wide, brown twin pools. Peter's senses were still screaming at him to move, to leave the room, to do anything to get away from Tony. Peter sat there wide-eyed, shaking hard. He let loose a panicked, high pitched whine. He seemed to not know where he was. When Tony tried to place a hand on Peter's shoulder, the teen began to panic more. Peter shrunk in on himself, closing off his emotions as he stared down at his hands like they were the most interesting thing on the planet.

"Pete...talk to us...", Tony pleaded as he sat on the end of the bed. Peter looked at him. He took note of how this Tony didn't have an angry look in his eyes. Only worry and grave concern.

"It...it was j-just a night...nightmare..." Peter said his voice was shaky.

"That bad, huh?" Tony asked softly. Peter nodded. "Wanna talk about it?"

"Not really..."

Tony guided Peter out into the common room. He disappeared into the kitchen for a few minutes and came back with some hot chocolate. Peter took the hot cup, relishing in the warmth. "You don't have to talk if you don't want to," Tony said softly.

"It was about Aunt May...and...and...you..." the teen started. "It just...it felt so real...and I couldn't breathe and....it was..." Peter shuttered.

"I get it," Tony said looping an arm around Peter's shoulders. "I have them as well."

"I guess it comes with the job..." Peter said a little bit of life was back in his voice. Peter took a sip of his hot chocolate and looked at the ceiling. The memories of the nightmare were still in the front of his mind. Peter closed his eyes, feeling the threat of tears.

"Hey, it's okay," Tony said softly. Peter took a shaky breath.

"I'm sorry. I don't know-"

"Don't finish that. There's nothing wrong with you," Tony said. Peter's lip trembled as he fought against the response that popped up into his head. The teen tried to make himself look even smaller.

"But there is..." He finally said. "There is something wrong. People don't just try to kill themselves for no reason!" Peter was getting more and more worked up by the second.

"Pete-"

"Am I wrong?" Peter asked. "People don't get punished for something that was out of their control. The world just doesn't work that way."

"Peter, stop." Tony's tone was harsh. "Stop doing that to yourself. There is nothing wrong with you. You were in a bad situation and none of that is your fault."

Peter took a shaky breath before the tears came. Tony held Peter in his arms, cooing softly trying to reassure him it was going to be okay. Trying to reassure him that they were all there for him.

It was going to be a long and hard recovery, it wasn't fully known if Peter would ever be one-hundred percent again. He was broken, they all knew that. They did not, however, understand the extent of how broken he was. The teen was shattered, it was going to be almost near impossible to put him back together. But, despite how hard it was going to be, they were still going to try. Peter was their family, and they protect their family.

A thought crossed Tony's mind as he looked down at the teen who fell asleep in his arms. Tony picked Peter up and laid the teen in his bed. Then, he went to his lab. Tony asked Friday to draw up some adoption papers. Tony thought of Peter as his son already, why not make it official. Of course, he'd have to ask Steve first, but...he didn't see an issue. That's what Tony spent the remainder of the night doing. Contacting his lawyer, Peter's social worker, and getting the papers.

The next morning, Tony walked out of his lab and found Steve. The blond was in the kitchen drinking a cup of coffee. "Bad night?" Steve asked.

"Sorta," Tony replied. There was a short silence before Tony spoke up once more. "Hey, Stevie?"

"Yeah?"

"How would you feel if we adopted Peter?" Tony asked confidently.

"I wouldn't mind. But, how do you think he'll feel?" Steve said. Tony pondered.

"I'm going to talk to him when he wakes up."

Four hours later..

Peter woke up at around ten o'clock. He yawned and stretched, laying in bed for a little while longer before deciding to get out of bed. The teen walked slowly to the lounge room and plopped down on the couch. Tony sat beside him. Steve on the other side of him. No one else was in the room.

"We have something we want to say," Steve started.

"Be open and honest," Tony finished. Peter looked at the two of them, confusion written in his eyes.

"Okay...?"

"How would you feel if we adopted you?" Tony asked. Peter's eyes widened.

"Did....did I hear that correctly...?" Peter asked not believing his ears.

"Yes." Tony looked at the teen. "So...?"

Peter sat there stunned and then burst into tears. "Woah, woah, woah! Calm down. I didn't mean to upset you!" Tony said. Hands up in the universal gesture of peace.

"I'd like that very much," Peter said. For the longest time, Peter never thought he'd find happiness. But now, he felt truly happy. Tears continued to stream down his cheeks, but for once they weren't tears of anguish.

So that evening, Peter went to bed and fell into a nice dreamless slumber. They had a long and

exciting day. Peter was drained. He'd done some training with Clint and Natasha. Thor made an appearance at the Tower and that in and of itself is exhausting. Steve and Tony went through and signed papers and Peter signed what he had to. The teen was more than happy to. He already thought of Tony as his second father. In fact, he thought of Tony as his father. Since Peter didn't know his birth father all that well and he didn't remember him, it was easy to see Tony as his dad.

The next morning was Monday. Peter was going back to school on the strict order he would call Tony, no matter the time if something went wrong or if he had any symptoms of a panic attack or if Flash wouldn't leave him alone. Peter didn't have any problems, until health class. Flash walked in, looking angry. They were in the mental health unit.

Flash had gotten word of what happened to Peter from Ned who was telling MJ. They didn't know Flash was listening. They sat down to watch a video. After class was over, Peter was dragged to the janitor's closet by Flash.

"Do you know how much trouble I got into because of you!?" Flash yelled.

"Because of me?" Peter asked incredulously.

"Yes! Because of your dumbass, I got in trouble. They think it's my fault you tried to kill yourself. And to be frank, I wish you would have succeeded."

Peter stared at Flash, nodding with a very blank expression. The teen was panicking on the inside. Peter blinked back tears.

"Aww, Peter Parker's a cry baby," Flash taunted. "Poor Peter Parker. Doesn't get enough attention so he tries to kill himself," he snapped. He pushed Peter to the floor.

Peter

My chest tightened horribly. Being in the tiny janitor's closet and having Flash looming over me like a giant was causing my anxiety to spike. I couldn't breathe. "L-leave m-me al-alone," I stuttered. I wanted him to leave me alone. I pulled my phone out of my pocket just as the bell rang. Flash left the closet, I waited for a minute and then bolted. I dialed Tony's number, ignoring the concerned calls of the teachers.

"Peter? What is it bud?" Tony's voice called over the phone. I was shaking so bad, I couldn't find my voice. When I tried to talk it only came out as a small whimper. "Fuck, I'm on my way."

I found a quiet spot on the side of the school and slid down to the ground. I put my head on my knees. I couldn't breathe. I heard myself whimper as I held in my tears. I only freaked out more when I heard footsteps.

"Pete. It's okay. It's gonna be okay. Just breathe," Tony said softly. I looked up.

"It was Flash again..." I whispered brokenly. I was so tired of this.

"That mother-" Tony cut himself off. "Let's get you home. I'm going to talk to the principal again." Tony sounded exhausted. I didn't blame him.

"I'm sorry..." I said. "I'm weak...it shouldn't have even made me freak out..."

Tony sighed, put his arms under mine and hauled me up on my shaking legs, and pulled me closer. "Don't say that Peter. It's going to be okay. We can set up an appointment with a therapist, or I'm sure Rhodey or Sam will help you out."

I stayed quiet. I really am screwed up. I could feel myself spiraling out of control again.

Chapter End Notes

Trying to keep up with Peter's depression and making sure I include the characters and keeping up with Tony and Steve's relationship is slightly harder than I thought it would be. Buutttt I'm actually liking this one. I hope you all like reading it as much as I enjoy writing it.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Wow, I'm on a role. I'm really loving writing this story. I really hope you guys like reading it as much as I love writing it.

****ВОЗЛЮБЛЕННАЯ-Russian-Sweetheart****

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Once they finally got back to the compound, Peter disappeared into his room. He was angry at Flash for being a jerk, but most of all he was angry at himself for not being strong enough. Ned continued to bring by his homework that he missed, but Peter didn't feel like doing anything but lay on his bed and stare off into space.

There came a soft knock on the door. "Hey, Spiderling...may I come in?" It was Sam.

"I guess..." Peter mumbled. He really just wanted to be alone.

"May I sit?" Sam pointed to the edge of the bed. Peter moved his feet so he was sitting cross-legged, Sam sat in front of him. Peter was glad Sam wasn't forcing him to talk about it. The teen was afraid he'd have another panic attack or cry. He knew they just wanted to help. "I heard something happened at school. Do you wanna talk about it?"

The teen stayed rather quiet for a minute. "It's just Flash again..." he said hesitantly. Then he just completely broke down. "I don't understand what I did to him? It doesn't make sense! What did I do wrong? Why does everyone hate me?!" Peter yelled. "Cause if someone could tell me, that'd be great," he added. His voice was soft.

"No one hates you." Sam was about to say something else but Peter interrupted him.

"That's where you're wrong," The teen stated. "Flash hates me. And what's worse, is I don't even know why. He just hates me." Peter said anger evident in his voice. There was silence. Neither said anything for a good three minutes. Sam waited for Peter in case he wanted to say anything else. "Sam...?" Peter said hesitantly.

"Yeah?" Sam's reply was instant.

"Sorry for yelling."

"Don't be. It's perfectly okay for you to yell. You can pour your heart out, you can yell, you can scream, you can cry, I don't really care how, but you can't keep bottling things up like you do. Because instead of helping, it's just going to make things worse."

Peter nodded. "Everyone keeps telling me that...but...sometimes it's hard to let it out when you've held it in for so long..." Peter admitted quietly. His voice was a mere whisper.

"I know Peter," Sam said looking at Peter with a concerned glance. "Just know, you can say anything in here. What is said in here, stays in here, unless I see otherwise." Peter looked down at his hands. His vision was blurring once again with the threat of tears.

“Why am I like this?” Peter whispered. “Why am I so messed up?” Peter sniffed. Sam frowned softly.

“You are not messed up. You’ve been through some things that most people don’t go through. You carry the weight of everything on your shoulders. It’s not a matter that you’re messed up because you aren’t. You have a reason to be sad. You have a reason to be upset. But Peter, sometimes...sometimes you just have to let others bare some of that weight.”

Peter looked at Sam. The teen had tears streaming down his face. His bottom lip was trembling as he attempted his best at a smile. “But it’s not their weight to bare. It’s my own. My own mistakes, my own pain.”

Sam looked Peter in the eyes. He noted how the teen looked far older than he was, took on more responsibility than necessary. His brown eyes held a sadness that Sam couldn’t even begin to describe. “We’re here for you Peter. We want to help you. You just have to let us,” Sam said. Peter’s shoulders sagged as he let his wall shatter.

“Peter is showing signs of heavy emotional distress. Mr. Stark will be notified in ten seconds.” Friday’s cool voice rang out.

“Cancel protocol.”

“Protocol canceled.” The AI said.

“Just let it out Peter,” Sam said softly as Peter continued to cry. “Everything’s going to be okay. It’s going to be okay,” Sam reassured.

Peter finally stopped crying about fifteen minutes later. His long heavy sobs turned into small hiccuping cries then stopped altogether. “Friday, who all is here?”

“Everyone, Mr. Wilson.”

“Where are they?”

“Mr. Barton and Mrs. Romanoff are training in the gym. Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Stark, and Mr. Rogers are talking in the kitchen. Mr. Barnes is watching a movie,” The AI responded thoughtfully.

“Do you wanna-” Sam didn’t even have to finish. Peter got up slowly and the two made their way to the kitchen. Sam sat in the living room with Bucky. Peter went to the kitchen. His eyes were red and puffy from crying as he shoved himself into Tony’s arms. Tony got over the initial shock of Peter throwing himself at him and hugged the teen back.

“It’s gonna be okay Pete,” Tony said softly. Peter finally pulled away. Tony didn’t need to hear what the teen was about to say, because he already knew. Tony nodded. Steve and Rhodey had made themselves comfortable in the living room. Tony and Peter made their way in as well.

Peter fell asleep against Steve’s shoulder. No one had the heart to move him because he looked so darned exhausted. Tony didn’t tell Peter, but he already made another call to the school about Flash. It was a good thing Peter was in his senior year and so damn smart. Peter begged Tony not to pull him out of Midtown high, otherwise Tony probably would have pulled him out.

*Peter stared at Tony in shock, a hand on his cheek. Tony had hit him. “You....I....but....”

“You’ve disobeyed the rules long enough. We can’t help you anymore. You won’t let us. So get the fuck out,” Tony said. Peter could do nothing but stare in pure horrified shock.

“But I didn’t-”

“No. Get out.”

“You heard him. Get out,” Steve said. All the Avengers were glaring at him. Tears welled up in Peter’s eyes, his bottom lip trembled. “Before I throw you out.” Peter frowned, closed his mouth, and turned around. He walked out, crying as he reached the lobby. Peter exited the building, Pain evident in his eyes.*

Peter shot up, he felt wetness on his face only to realize he was crying. Steve and Tony’s worried face over his own.

“Peter is exhibiting signs of a panic attack. I recommend taking action to calm him,” Friday said. Tony muttered something about her stating the obvious before his attention was back on Peter.

“Pete. It’s okay it was just a dream,” Tony said. He put his hand on Peter’s shoulder in a comforting gesture. Peter didn’t seem to hear him, and the teen only freaked out more.

“Peter’s heart and breathing rate are dangerously high,” Came the AI’s voice, somehow she sounded slightly concerned. Peter got up as fast as he could before he ran. He heard them yelling after him to stop. When he got to the main lobby, he couldn’t run anymore. He couldn’t breathe. He had to stop. Black spots danced in his vision. He felt dizzy. Peter leaned heavily against the wall. The elevator dinged and Peter couldn’t even find it in himself to run. Everything was muffled. It was like he was in a pool, his head was swimming. Tony’s face was in front of his. His vision blurred. His eyes rolled back into his head. The teen fell unconscious.

XX

Peter’s head was pounding when he came to. He opened his eyes slowly. Confused, the teen looked around. He was in the medbay for some reason. “You okay Pete...?” Came a soft gentle voice. Peter blinked as he slowly sat up.

“What happened?” Peter asked.

“You had a pretty bad panic attack and passed out...scared the living hell out of us,” Tony said.

“Sorry.” Was Peter’s instant reply.

“It’s okay.”

“No. It really isn’t,” Peter said. “It’s not okay.” The teen was working himself up again. His breathing began to quicken again.

“Peter. You’re working yourself up again. It really is okay. No one is upset. No one is mad,” Tony said. Peter closed his eyes, taking a calming breath. His head was still pounding painfully. The light was making him nauseous.

“S...sorry,” Peter stuttered.

“You up to getting out of here?” Tony asked softly. “The others are really worried.”

“Y-yeah..” Peter said softly. He hated that he worried them.

Tony helped Peter, who was still feeling kind of weak after his passing out, to the living room where everyone was sitting looking heavily worried. Peter’s jaw clenched. It’s not that he feared their reaction it’s that he feared their care. He hated that they cared for him so much. He didn’t

deserve to be cared for. He deserved to die. He deserved to suffer for letting uncle Ben die, for letting that girl be killed because of his own stupid reckless-

“Hey, Peter. You feeling any better?” Clint asked. All eyes shot to him. ‘No’ he wanted to tell them. ‘No I’m not feeling better. In fact, I’m feeling worse’. But that’s not what he said.

“A little, yeah.” He didn’t miss the look of disbelief on Nat’s face, but to be frank, at this point he didn’t really care if they believed him or not. “Sorry if I freaked you out,” he said softly. Nat gave him a small smile.

“You didn’t. We’re just worried возлюбленная,” Nat said. Peter gave his best attempt at a smile. He knew it was probably a failed attempt.

“Who’s ready for dinner?” Clint asked rather loudly. There was a chorus of ‘me’. Peter was the last person to sit at the table. Peter pushed his food around his plate with his fork. The teen found himself not hungry. He often found himself in this position. Not feeling hungry, but knowing that he needs to eat, knowing that he’d only upset Tony more if he didn’t.

Peter shoved a bite in his mouth, trying not to let his nausea get the best of him. It was then he realized the concerned look he got from Tony. He smiled, food still in his mouth. “Thish ish goood,” Peter said with his mouth full, the teen tried his hardest to fake a good mood.

“I’m glad you like it. But don’t talk with your mouth full,” Steve said smiling. Peter rolled his eyes and continued eating, slowly. By the time the teen was done, his plate was still full-ish due to him only eating the smallest bites and only when someone looked. The teen got up, hoping that he wouldn’t get caught, slipped past the table, scooted his food in the trash, and rinsed his plate. Everyone else was almost finished, Tony being the first. Then Steve, and so on.

Peter yawned. “I think I’m going to bed now. It’s been a long day.”

“Okay bud,” Tony said looking up to meet Peter’s gaze. Peter was the first to break the eye contact. The teen headed to his room, collapsing on his bed with a sigh. It really had been a long day. Too long for Peter. He was not okay with how much school he was missing, but he also couldn’t be having a panic attack every day. Peter stared up at the ceiling, waiting for sleep to overcome him.

Peter found himself still staring at the ceiling. His thoughts were too loud, making it almost impossible to be comfortable. Giving up on sleep, the teen got up and walked over to his desk. He began working on some of the homework that Ned had ever so graciously given him. And that’s what Peter spent the remainder of the night doing. If he couldn’t sleep, he had to at least be productive.

Sometime in the early hours of the morning, Peter finally fell asleep.

XX

Tony was worried about Peter. He’d always been worried about Peter. But now, it was worry to the max. The teen hardly ate anything when they all sat down for dinner. Tony was going to say something but decided not to. He wasn’t about to get into an argument with the teen. Peter had been through so much. Tony understood Peter, but he wanted the teen to take more recovery time. His mind hasn’t healed yet and that’s what worried Tony. Peter wasn’t giving himself time to heal.

Tony had to admit, he cared for Peter a lot more than he initially thought he would. He also had to admit that the rest of the Avengers got along very well with Peter. They all loved him, cared for him. It was almost scary how Peter just wormed his way into their hearts so quickly. Peter was a

precious child, all of them could agree. Now it was a matter of protecting that ever so precious child.

XX

Flash Thompson knew he was being an ass. But now, he didn't really care. He didn't have a specific reason to hate Peter, he just did. Truth be told, the teen was jealous of Peter. The teen was always so bright, happy, bubbly, it just struck something within Flash. He hated Peter Parker. For what reason? Absolutely none. Flash heard about Peter trying to kill himself, in all honesty, the teen truly was guilty, but the anger he kept within him beat the guilt.

XX

Natasha loved Peter. He was like a son to her. Her Spider-baby. She never let anyone in, but, somehow, Peter broke through her walls. She knew all of them felt that way about Peter.

Peter and Clint were best friends. They would prank together, laugh, be happy. Nothing could tear those two apart. They were inseparable mischief makers.

Sam and Rhodey liked Peter. The two wanted to do all they could to help the teen. He was not in a good state of mind, and they all knew that.

Bruce and Peter were very close. Along with Tony, they were the science trio. The three of them practically lived for science. Bruce liked it that Peter felt safe enough to talk to him about his problems. Bruce never thought that Peter would be so close. He honestly thought Peter might have been a little frightened because Bruce turns into a big, green monster when rageful. But, Peter was never frightened.

Thor didn't know Peter all that well, but when the god of thunder was on earth, the two got along very well.

Steve. Steve loved Tony and Tony loved Peter. Peter was like the son Steve never had. Steve would give anything for Peter to be happy again. Because a Happy Peter makes a happy team. Peter lights up the room when he's truly happy. No one had seen a true, real smile from him in the longest time. Not since Steve and Tony first told him that he was going to be adopted by them.

XX

Peter woke up at around 11:30. His neck and back hurt from sleeping over his desk. Peter stretched and went to take a shower. The hot water felt good as it rushed over his aching muscles. Peter put a little bit of soap on his hands and massaged his head as he washed his hair. Peter tried his hardest to stay away from the razor on the wall in the shower. He pushed through the urge, turned the water off once he finished rinsing off, and stepped out of the shower. He dried himself off and got dressed in a clean pair of hello kitty pajama bottoms-the ones that Tony gave him- and a T-Shirt. He then sauntered out of the room. No one was in the living room or the kitchen.

The thought of food still making him nauseous, he ignored the hungry feeling and sat in the living room. "Fri, where is everyone?"

"The Avengers have been called on a mission, Mr. Stark has asked me to tell you they will be back in a few hours and not to worry," the AI responded thoughtfully.

"Oh...okay." Peter sounded awfully upset about that. "Let me know when they get back."

Peter spent a few hours watching movies and waiting for everyone to get back. Soon he started to

get restless. He felt the longer they were gone, the bigger the risk for injury. But he remembered what he said.

Flashback

“It’s not your fault Peter. You know you can’t save everyone.”

“But I was right there! I could have saved her...But I couldn’t because I’m weak...” Peter said. “I’m stupid...I just stood there...I couldn’t move...I-” Peter stopped talking. The memories were vivid and clear in his mind.

“Pe-”

“Don’t.” Peter pulled away from the hug. “Don’t you dare try to say that I did what I could. Don’t lie. I could have done better. Someone is dead because I can’t get my thoughts in check. Someone is dead because of me!” Pete yelled. His emotions took a 180. He wasn’t sad or shocked anymore. He was angry with himself. “It’s my own stupid fault...and I’m done. I’m done with everything.” The teen walked away. “I’m done being spiderman.”

End of Flashback

But now that he thought about it....he wasn’t done being Spiderman. He didn’t want to quit being Spiderman. He never actually wanted to quit being Spiderman. But still, the teen waited. He was getting even more restless by the minute.

Peter’s anxiety was making him antsy. Peter’s lack of eating was causing him to be fatigued. It’s been almost six hours since he woke up to find all of the Avengers gone. He hoped they were okay. Peter wasn’t mad that they left on a mission without him, he was mad they didn’t tell him, that they left while he was asleep, even if they had to. ‘They could have woken me up’ Peter thought angrily to himself. Peter Parker didn’t have abandonment issues. Peter Parker couldn’t have abandonment issues.

At around 9 o’clock Peter was about ready to break down into tears.

‘What if they never come back?’

‘What if they are dead?’

‘What if they chose to go on a fake mission to get away from you?’

‘Who would want to live with you. You’re just a broken mess, no one wants to put you back together’

Peter sank to his knees. He hated those voices, with a burning passion. He wanted them to go away.

“-er, Peter!”

Peter’s awareness came back to him in an instant. “You with us?” Peter looked up to find an exhausted-looking Tony.

“You’re back,” was the only reply they got out of the teen before he threw himself into Tony’s arms.

“Of course we’re back, you didn’t think we’d leave you behind did you?” Tony asked the question, though he knew the answer. After about five minutes, Tony spoke up, “Alright kiddo, as much as I

love your hugs, I need to get cleaned up. Why don't you sit in here and wait?"

Peter hesitantly nodded, pulling away. He knew he was acting like a child, but at that point, he didn't care. Peter sat on the couch and waited. In about an hour, everyone started to come back in.

"Sorry we didn't tell you, Pete, I didn't think you'd freak out," Tony said softly.

"It's fine...I just wish you would have told me and I'm sorry I freaked out, but I didn't know where you were or if you were coming back or--"

"Calm down Peter, you have to breathe. Breathing is fun."

Peter took in a deep shaky breath. "S-sorry..."

"Don't be sorry. You have nothing to apologize for," Tony said softly.

The Avengers once again watched their precious Peter unravel in front of them.

Peter put his head in his hands and pulled at his hair. Tears sprang in his eyes, he didn't know why he felt like crying. He didn't understand why he was overreacting. Peter didn't understand why he was the way he was, all panicky all the time. Peter tried to take deep calming breaths as he started panicking again.

Hands grabbed at his wrists, pulling his hands off his head. Arms wrapped around him. A voice cooed softly in his ears. "I don't know what's wrong with me!" the teen yelled in anguish. "Cause there's obviously something wrong because people don't just freak out for no reason do they?!"

There was a soft sigh, that only made Peter feel worse. "God I'm so stupid."

"Peter. Don't say that. You are not stupid," Bruce said.

Peter clenched his jaw as tight as he could. Peter felt the couch dip in on the other side of him. "You aren't stupid hun," Natasha's abnormally soft voice rang around his head. "There's nothing wrong with you. You've been through a lot of shit lately. You can't blame yourself for panicking, it's by no means your fault." Peter felt a gentle hand on his shoulder.

"And we don't blame you for panicking either. If I were in your shoes, I'd probably be worse off than you are," Steve said.

"We took you in because we wanted to, not out of obligation. We aren't just going to up and leave," Clint said. Peter sniffed back tears.

"We love you Peter, and nothing, I mean absolutely nothing will change that." Tony's words were the last blow. Peter allowed his cracked wall to finally shatter.

"I love you guys too," The teen said through cries. That made them happier than he could even imagine. But, that still wasn't the end of the teen's mental pain. He worked with Sam, talking things out a lot over the next few days. When he finally returned to school, he heard that Flash had been suspended for almost two weeks. Peter was glad he wouldn't have Flash breathing down his neck and being a jerk.

Peter tried not to overreact anymore. But, sometimes that proved harder than it would seem. Peter would be perfectly fine one minute and then he'd be panicking about something that happened two days ago the next.

Peter finally told Tony that he decided he didn't want to quit being Spiderman, that he couldn't quit being Spiderman. So, now Peter was going out on patrol, with the strict instructions to be very, very careful, and to call Tony immediately if he got hurt. Peter was okay with that.

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Timeskip-A week later

Peter

Today was not a good day. I woke up with an ear-splitting headache. When I opened my eyes I had to close them almost immediately. My head felt like it was going to explode. I didn't dare move. I couldn't. The pressure was too much. I heard myself groan in pain. I could hear cars from the street below the tower as if they were right by my ears. My heartbeat thrummed in my ears. The AC was rattling noisily. I felt nauseous. I groaned as I turned over onto my side, curling up into the fetal position, covering my face with my pillow. There was a knock on the door, that sounded louder than it actually was. I groaned ignoring it.

"Peter time to wake up. You've got school today," Tony's loud voice rang through my mind like a lawn-mower. I let loose a groan.

"I'm up, I'm up," I tried to push through the pain as I got ready for school. As soon as I was done, I stumbled into the living room, the lights assaulted my eyes and stars exploded into my vision. I think I blacked out because when I opened them again I had two very worried looking superheroes in my face. I felt super dizzy. Steve and Tony were saying something but I couldn't hear them, my ears were ringing. Awful and high-pitched. I could hear everything like it was all happening on a video and I had a speaker blasting into my ears.

Bruce came into my vision, I still couldn't hear what they were saying, then everything came rushing back at me.

"-er Peter. Come on bud, stay with us," Bruce's tone was quiet.

I wanted to tell them what was happening, but I could only get out a high-pitched whine. I felt hot tears sliding down my cheeks. Bruce looked away from me, probably to talk to Steve and Tony.

"He's....sensory overload....probably....sedate...he...calm...." I was beginning to only get pieces of the conversation as I faded in and out of consciousness. Before everything faded into black, I felt someone pick me up.

Chapter End Notes

I hope it didn't seem too rushed. I know there's a lot going on in this chapter, but I know how it feels to have a lot going on, so it's easier to write and it makes more sense to me than it might other people. So, I really do hope that you guys are enjoying this story.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Sorry if everyone seems so OOC in this story. But I really don't care anyway. Here's chapter six.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tony worriedly watched over Peter. It was around ten minutes after the teen blacked out due to a major sensory overload attack. Bruce had Peter taken to the medbay so they could better watch over him. Bruce took note of how low Peter's blood sugar was. It wasn't low enough to cause major problems, but it was low enough to strike minor concern within Bruce.

Peter groaned as he came to awareness. There were fingers carding through his hair and quiet breathing.

"W-what happened?" Peter asked softly. His head still hurt but it wasn't debilitating like before. He was still sensitive to light.

"Why didn't you tell me you weren't feeling well?" Tony asked as he stopped running his fingers through Peter's hair. He sounded minorly upset, though he kept his voice soft. Peter didn't say anything. He just closed his eyes again. Tony resumed carding his fingers through the teen's hair.

Finally, the teen said something, "I didn't think it was this bad." Peter tried to sit up, almost immediately regretting his actions as his head began to spin.

"Woah, Woah. Take it easy kiddo," Tony said as he gently pushed Peter back down. "Bruce said that you would probably be dizzy after you woke up." The comment wasn't necessary, but Tony said it anyway. "So...how are you feeling?"

"Like I've been run over by a freight train," Peter said.

"Understandable. So...Bruce says you aren't eating right..." Tony commented. Peter looked down at his hands. "Pete, you know with-"

"-My metabolism even one missed meal can be dangerous. I know," Peter interrupted, finally looking up to meet Tony's eyes. He took note of how tired Tony looked. Peter wanted to explain, but no words came to his mind so, the teen looked back at his hands once again.

They sat in silence for another few minutes before Peter spoke again, "It's just..." The teen paused, "it's hard sometimes. You know..." Peter's mood switched. He sounded somber. "It's really, really hard to go through the motions of everyday life when everything is just falling apart."

Tony nodded. "I know Pete. I know it's hard," Tony said. "You have to communicate with us, Peter. We can't help you if you don't."

"Sorry..." There he went again apologizing for something that was out of his control.

Peter

It's so hard talking about everything because I'm just so used to keeping it in. Sam and Rhodey say that it's bad to bottle things up. It's bad because when you bottle things up, you hold them in until you just burst. And usually, it's not in the best way. I remember the day I tried to...commit suicide...so vividly. That was the point at which I just completely broke. I was so done with just everything. I know it was a selfish way to let go of everything....I know that it doesn't help with the pain.

I don't know why I always feel the need to apologize. I know that my mental health is affecting everyone else. I can see it in their eyes. Every time I have a breakdown, I can see that it upsets them. I hate that feeling that I'm burdening them. It was really bad when they had to go on that mission. I saw the major confusion that was written on Tony's face when they got home and I was freaking out and crying up a storm.

I know I was a burden to my Aunt. I had these powers and I couldn't save Uncle Ben. She was forced to work a lot of hours just to keep up with feeding me. She was also going through her own mental battles. I didn't mean to burden her with myself. I didn't mean to burden anyone with my own problems, that's why I kept everything in, so I didn't burden anyone.

My secret is out now. Tony and Bruce knew of my loss of appetite, my lack of telling people when I'm not feeling the best. Sam knew that I was still in such a place that I did not want to even kind of exist anymore.

Flash hadn't looked at me, talked to me, didn't push me around anymore. He left me alone. I was happy about that.

"Hey, Peter. How are you feeling?" Somewhere in the time, I answered Tony and then got trapped in my own thoughts, Bruce had entered the room.

"Better than earlier, that's for sure," I said.

"Good. You feeling up to eating anything?"

I shrugged my shoulders but, now that I thought about it, I was kinda hungry. "Yeah."

Bruce let me leave the medbay, saying that the only reason I was there was that it was easier to keep an eye on me. Whatever Bruce had me on was strong enough to last even through my metabolism, though, there was still the slightly painful ache.

My mind was screaming at me, the voices never left. They were a constant in my mind, never-ending insults and hate against myself. Everything that's been happening these past several months was still at the front of my mind. I wanted to forget about it all, but that was proving hard, impossible even. As I sat at the table I poked at the sandwich on the plate.

'Stupid, can't you do anything right?'

'Why do they still keep up with you. You're nothing but a burden'

'Weak'

I was beginning to lose my appetite again, but Tony, Steve, and Bruce are refusing to let me leave the table until I've finished. Which...is understandable...but...frustrating. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. No one was in the kitchen at that point in time. I took a bite of the sandwich. I'm not gonna lie...it was pretty tasty for a simple grilled cheese. But, how was I supposed to enjoy it when

my thoughts were screaming insults.

None

Peter tried to ignore his thoughts as he forced himself to continue taking bites of the ever so yummy grilled cheese that Steve ever so kindly cooked up for him. When Peter finally finished the sandwich, he put his plate in the sink. He looked down at his shaking hands, blinking harshly as his eyes welled up with tears. The teen went up to his room, grabbed his notebook and a pen, and decided to do what Rhodey said would be good for him. Writing down his thoughts.

* Useless

‘No one really needs spiderman. They did perfectly fine when you were out of commission because you decided to quit’.

Worthless

‘The Avengers could make you leave at any time if they ever get bored or frustrated with you. You’re replaceable’.

Stupid

‘Going days without actually eating a meal. Ignoring the fact that your senses are overloaded’.

Weak

‘Collapsing into a bout of panic just because you think they left you. Constantly being thrown into panic attacks.’

Burden

‘Always freaking out, even if there is no reason. You can hear it in their voices that they are getting tired of your lack of self-preservation. Constantly needing heavy reassurance about every single thing.’ *

Peter put his pen down, tear splotches smudged the writing, but he did not care.

Peter got up and walked to the living room. The lights were dim and the TV was playing a show that Clint seemed to be extremely interested in. Tony and Steve were sitting on one of the couches. Bucky on the end of the same couch. Natasha and Clint were occupying the love seat. Nat had her legs strung over Clint’s lap. Sam was in one chair and Rhodey in the other. Peter went to the only spot available, between Bucky and Tony.

The teen sat down silently, Natasha’s eyes followed him closely, more than likely noticing his red puffy eyes, rosy cheeks and the dry tear streaks he failed to wipe off. No one said anything to the teen, knowing that it was one of those, ‘I want to be with you guys, but if you ask too many questions I might freak out’ moods. It was completely understandable that he had so many moods, and sometimes they switched rather quickly.

For the first time in forever, there was complete silence in the compound. Clint had turned the TV off and no one was talking until... “Wanna talk about it?” Tony asked the teen sitting beside him.

No one missed the way he flinched when Tony spoke. No one missed the hesitation that crossed his features before he answered with a clear, “No.”

Bucky, who was oddly protective of the teen, put an arm around his shoulders. “It’s gonna be okay, kid.” Bucky’s voice was uncharacteristically soft. That seemed to be all Peter needed. The teen nodded, opting not to talk because he knew he’d cry if he did.

The TV was switched on again. A movie playing in the background.

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The next day

Peter

I felt better this morning than I did yesterday as I got ready for school. I really didn't want to go, but I knew I needed to. I grabbed my notebook and newly finished homework and put them in my bag. I headed to the kitchen to grab a quick breakfast. I poured my cereal in a bowl and ate. Then Happy took me to school.

The morning went by smoothly. Ned and I talked about our project we had in chemistry, we also worked on it some. Lunchtime came along. I munched on an apple, listening to Ned ramble about whatever it was he was talking about. MJ sat down. We carried on a conversation, well, MJ and Ned did. I just sat silently listening.

After lunch, I headed to my next class. Took some notes, almost fell asleep twice. Did my work. Then last hour came along. History. I took some more notes and then we watched an 'informational' movie. Which just happened to be an old history movie. Instead of really watching the movie, my thoughts drifted elsewhere.

I doodled in my notebook, ended up writing more of my thoughts down. Then the bell rang. I packed up my thing and ended up being the last person to leave. "Mr. Parker, can you stay for a minute?"

I turned around, facing my history teacher. "Yeah."

"You aren't doing so well in class right now you're sitting at a D. I want that back up to an A. I know it's hard with everything that's going on, but school is important as well. You were doing so well first quarter. Show me that you actually care about your grades."

"S-sorry Mr. Harris. I'll do better," I said. He nodded in approval, I took my leave. There goes my semi-good mood. All my teachers think I'm a slacker. So, when I got home, I stayed in my room doing all my homework and not letting anyone in.

"Peter. Mr. Stark requests you let him in before he breaks the door down," Friday said just as I was finishing up my math homework.

"Let him in, I guess."

"Hey, kiddo. I just wanted to see how you were doing," Tony said.

"I'm doing fine." I hadn't meant to sound so angry. I felt Tony's gaze burning a hole through my back. I turned around. Tony had one eyebrow raised.

"Okay. Well, dinner is ready, so why don't you put a pause on whatever you're doing and come eat."

"Okay. I'll be down in a minute." Tony left the room. I was once again alone. I opened my notebook and wrote down a few more things.

'Slacker'

Not getting work done. Grades are slipping. Not getting your job done.

I made my way to the kitchen, an array of smells assaulted my senses. Whatever Clint had made for dinner. The cologne that Tony was wearing along with whatever Steve was wearing. Tasha's perfume. Whatever experiment Bruce was working on.

"Nice of you to join us, Pete," Bruce commented. It was light-hearted, but I couldn't help but see

the other side to it. I sat down and everyone started eating.

It was quiet at first, but soon everyone was having a conversation with someone else. Bruce and I were talking about my science project for bio. I told him what Ned and I were doing. I was glad that everything was going back to normal.

It seemed as though everyone was just afraid to talk to me because they might break me, acting like I'm a fragile piece of glass. To be honest, it kinda set me off. Made me a bit angry. I knew they were trying the best they could, but they don't have to walk on eggshells.

After dinner, I went back to my room to finish my homework. I don't know how much longer I worked on it before my eyelids started getting heavy. I yawned, stretching my aching muscles. I took out my suit and told Friday to let Tony know that I was going out.

When I finally put on the mask, I heard Karen's voice. "Hello, Peter."

"Karen, what's going on tonight? Anything?" I asked her. She responded with 'no'. I was a calm night in New York. I landed on a building, it didn't take me long to see a girl on the edge. She looked like she was about to jump, I heard faint crying. "Hey," I said softly so I didn't scare her. She whipped herself around to face me. "Why don't you come away from the ledge..?"

"I-I can't..." She took a step back, teetering on the edge.

I wanted to do anything in my power to save her.

"Can you tell me why you're up there...?" I knew what it felt like. To want to die so bad. I saw her lip tremble. She shook her head. "I can help you."

"How do I know that you're not like them?" she asked. I tilted my head.

"Like who?"

"Them..." Was all she said. She looked down, distracted.

"Let me help you...please?"

"Why do you want to help me?"

"Because I care."

"You don't even know me!" She yelled.

"You're right. I'm Peter. Peter Parker," I said taking my mask off. She hesitated before answering.

"Sophia."

"There, see. Now I know you and you know me."

"That's not how it works..."

"Really? Because I think that's exactly how meeting someone works."

I knew I was doing good at distracting her, but that wasn't enough. I needed to get her to come off the ledge. "So, are you going to let me help you?"

"I still don't see why you care..."

“Because I’ve been there.” I don’t know why I said it. I hadn’t meant to. “I’ve been in the dark so deep I thought my only option was dying.”

She sniffed, but other than that, she was quiet. “No matter what you might think right now, there is someone who loves you. Who cares for you.”

“There’s no one out there for me. I’m all alone.”

“I’m here, aren’t I?” Her blue eyes met mine.

“...I guess...”

I don’t know how long it was we stood there talking before she finally let me help her down. We sat on the building talking until daybreak.

“I’ve never had anyone. I’ve been in and out of homes all my life,” She said softly. “In my first few homes...they...abused me...and...” She cut herself off.

“You don’t have to tell me. It’s okay,” I told her. She gave me a sad, teary smile.

“I know.” Was all she said.

“You will find the right people. But, for right now, you should probably talk to someone other than me. I can’t help you anymore. But if you want or need anyone to talk to, I’ll be there.”

“Thank you,” she said. I heard Karen calling me from inside the mask.

“Hold on... give me a sec,” I said putting the mask back on. “Lay it on me, Karen.”

“Mr. Stark called. Said he was going to come and get you if you don’t get home soon or call him back,” she said.

“Ah shit,” I cursed. “Give me a second. I’m busy. In fact, tell Tony that.”

I took the mask off again before she could reprimand me. “Sorry about that.”

“It’s fine...I should go...” she said. “Thanks again...” She handed me a piece of paper. She left through the door leading back to the building. I put my mask back on. Tony was calling again.

I answered this time. “Where the hell have you been? Do you realize how worried I was when you weren’t in your room this morning? When Friday said you weren’t even in the compound!?”

“Sorry...I was patrolling...lost track of time...”

“Of all the stupid-” he cut himself off. “Home now. Or I will come and get you.” He did not sound very happy. I was in for it now...

When I finally reached the compound, Tony was standing there, looking extremely pissed off and worried at the same time.

“I didn’t have the mask on...I really did lose track of time,” I said before he could utter a single word.

“Why didn’t you have the damn mask on?”

“I was helping someone...”

“All night?”

“Yes.”

“And what exactly were you doing?” He narrowed his eyes at me.

“I was trying to help someone from making the same damn mistake I did,” I snapped. Tony looked minorly surprised. “Sorry if that was inconvenient for you.”

Tony sighed. “I’m sorry Pete. I was just worried. You scare me sometimes. And I’ve already called you in for today because you’re about forty-five minutes late for school.”

I felt my anger drain completely. I knew he was worried. “Yeah...I know..and I’m sorry too,” I said. “For worrying you.”

“Don’t worry Peter. It’s okay.”

The aura in the air was much brighter than before we talked. The anger was gone, replaced by a pure, caring feel. “Hey...Tony...?”

“Yeah, Pete?” Tony asked as we headed to the elevator.

“Nevermind...it’s dumb,” I said. Tony didn’t force me to say anything. All he said was okay as we got into the elevator. My thoughts went back to that girl. Sophia. I was glad that I could help her. It sucks...thinking that there’s no one there to care for you. It gave me a sense of...what almost felt like happiness...that I still could help people.

I was glad that Tony wasn’t more upset than he actually was. It was nice...knowing that someone cares just that much for you. Even if it seems like the world’s given up on you. I went to my room and got out my notebook.

‘It’s been a rough few months. I’m nowhere near being close to what I was before all this happened. I’m never going to be there again. I’m always going to have mental issues. But, I know I don’t have to go through it alone. I’m always going to have someone. Whether that be Tony, Steve, Tasha, Clint, Bruce, Sam, or Rhodey. Sometimes it was a good thing, having all these people to care about you. But, sometimes it can be overwhelming.’

I looked at my notebook. It was already almost a page. I looked at the clock on my desk. It was 9:58. I had a lot of time to kill. But, I really didn’t feel like doing anything, so I laid in my bed and closed my eyes drifting off into sleep.

Peter’s nightmare

“Why couldn’t you save me?” Uncle Ben said.

“Why did you let them take me? I thought you loved me! You said you’d never leave!” Aunt May said.

“Why didn’t you help me?” Maddison asked.

“You said you could help...why didn’t you?”

“You? A hero?” Tony asked. “You’re nothing.” He spat.

Peter stood there staring, mouth wide open, heart shattering into millions of pieces. The teen couldn’t utter a single word.

Out of Peter's nightmare

"Come on Peter, wake up," Tony said shaking the teen's shoulders lightly. Peter was whimpering softly, trying to curl further in on himself. "Shhh. It's gonna be okay," Tony cooed. "It's just a nightmare."

Peter shot up, causing Tony to fall off the bed. "I'm sorry!"

"Don't worry about it Pete," Tony said rubbing his now aching head. "That must have been one hell of a nightmare."

Peter was quiet. Then he spoke softly. "Yeah...it was..."

"So.....how about some lunch?"

"Sure."

Peter knew he wasn't useless, or worthless, he's always being told that. But, he still couldn't help but feel that way.

"Something on your mind?" Tony asked as he made some ham and cheese sandwiches for himself and Peter.

"There's a lot on my mind," Peter said. Tony gave a subtle nod.

"Me too." Peter liked that Tony didn't make him talk. They were both silent for a minute. "Wanna talk about it?" Tony asked, knowing that Peter wouldn't unless he was given an invitation.

"I keep thinking about that girl...Maddison...I keep thinking about how I just abandoned Aunt May...I keep thinking about how I could do better all the time," Peter admitted. "I keep thinking about everyone I failed to save when I stopped being Spiderman...Not to mention my grades are slipping, my teachers think I'm slacking off because-"

"Woah Pete, remember? Breathing is fun, breathing is important," Tony said as he placed a plate in front of the teen, sitting down with the other one right in front of him. Peter took a breath.

"Sorry...it's just...It seems like the world is stacked against me." Tony listened intently. The genius might not know what to say to make the teen feel better like Rhodey or Sam would, but he was a hell of a good listener.

"It'll get better Peter. I know it doesn't seem that way now, but it will."

They ate the rest of their lunch in silence. Peter went back to his room. Tony, back to the lab.

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To say Tony was worried about how distant Peter was becoming was an understatement. When Peter got distant, it meant that it was really bad. The last time Peter was so distant, was right before the teen tried to kill himself. Tony didn't want to go through that again. Peter was his son in all but blood. He knew everyone else was worried as well.

Tony wanted to ask Peter what was going through his head, but Tony knew first that it was sometimes hard to put into words. So, Tony never made Peter talk. None of them really made him talk. It was mostly a matter of 'Peter knows he can trust them so he does talk'.

Tony felt arms wrap around his middle. A kiss was placed gently on the side of his neck. He

couldn't help the small smile that played on his lips. "Hello to you too hun."

"Whatcha thinking about?"

"How'd you know I was thinking about something?"

"Because you only ever have that face when you're overthinking," Steve replied letting go. Tony turned around to face his boyfriend.

"Just about stuff. Nothing in particular," Tony lied. If Steve knew he was lying, he didn't say anything.

"Mmm. So, did Peter ever come back home?"

"Yeah. He's okay. Well, as okay as he can be," Tony said. Steve nodded.

"I'm glad he's okay."

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Peter sat with Rhodey, Clint, and Bucky in the living room. The four of them were playing UNO. So far Rhodey was winning, Peter was right behind him. Clint and Bucky were losing majorly. Peter's phone rang. The teen looked at the contact and his smile fell almost instantly.

"Uh...sorry guys, I gotta take this..." Peter said. They all noticed the uncertain sound that was in his voice.

"We'll wait for you," Clint said.

Once Peter got away from the living room, he pressed the accept button and put the phone to his ear. "Hello...?"

"Peter. I know...I know I've been awful to you in the past. I know you won't forgive me...but please hear me out."

"I have nothing to say to you," the teen said angrily.

"I know. Believe me. I do," May said.

"Then why did you call me? You made my life a literal living hell. How did you even get my number?"

"They let me have your contact because I said I'd refuse to see a therapist otherwise."

Peter felt it, the second the anger rushed into his veins. "I don't want to talk to you." The teen almost hung up.

"Peter, wait dammit!" She yelled. "I'm getting better," she said much softer.

"I don't care. I hate to say it. I hate to be this way, but I really don't care."

Peter heard snuffles on the other end. He almost regretted his words. "Please...?"

"I'm going to hang up now. And you're going to leave me the hell alone."

The teen hung up the phone. Peter felt like he was being crushed by his emotions. His chest was

impossibly tight again. The blood pounded in his ears. His heart thudded in his chest. His hands shook. His feet tingled. It seemed as though time stopped. His senses were screaming at him, 'Breathe!' 'Run!' 'Move!' 'Do something!'

But his chest wouldn't move. He felt like he was dying. There were muffled panicked voices. Someone telling him to breathe. Peter sucked in a wheezy breath. His knees buckled and he crumbled to the floor, not bothering to catch himself. And then the tears came. Peter didn't think he could ever cry as hard as he did just then. He turned into the chest of the person holding onto him and bawled like the world was ending. There were hushed voices, someone picked him up, but he was too unaware to care. He was placed on something cushiony. A soft blanket wrapped tightly around his shoulders, the arms holding onto him, never leaving. Peter shook like a leaf. "May....she...she...called....and I..." Peter couldn't even talk. Everything he could hear that was coming out of his mouth didn't make sense. He hoped it made more sense to them.

The voices were less muffled now as the teen became more aware instead of trapped in his own mind. "She won't be calling you again Peter. That's for sure. We just need you to breathe buddy," Tony said softly. Peter wanted to crawl in a corner and die. He was still shaking. Though breathing came slightly easier, it was still hard. His heart still pounded against his ribcage painfully. Peter was glad he stayed home that day. Otherwise, he would have been at school when that happened. And, the teen didn't need or want that.

"You with us now, kiddo?" Steve said with a painfully concerned expression. Bruce was by his side in an instant, holding out a cup of water. Peter took it gratefully and sipped at it.

"Y-yeah...sorry..."

None of them would ever understand why the teen would apologize after he had a panic attack of any kind. "Don't be sorry Peter."

"I..."

"You don't have to explain," Rhodey said. Clint and Bucky were in the back of the group. Steve, Bruce, and Tony beside Peter. Rhodey in front of Peter. And Nat was beside Rhodey.

Peter nodded. Rhodey handed the teen some chocolate. "Just a little trick I picked up. It'll make you feel a little better," Rhodey said. Peter took a small bite. He already started feeling a little better. His cheeks had dry tear streaks down them. His eyes were red and puffy from crying. His whole body was still shaking hard.

Peter didn't say anything for the next two hours. Didn't move from his spot, didn't watch TV, didn't do anything. It was starting to worry Tony and Steve to no end. Then, Peter finally moved.

"T-Tony...?" The teen croaked out.

"Yeah, buddy?" Tony asked.

"Thanks," The teen said. Tony's eyes softened.

"You're welcome, Peter."

Kinda sorta added a Harry Potter reference, but also kinda didn't. I know chocolate can really make you feel better after a panic attack. I think I might try and wrap up the story in the next two chapters. I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter. I worked so hard on it.

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

This chapter was a pain in my butt to do...I ended up accidentally deleting the whole chapter, but I finally got it back. I hope it's worth it. I also stayed up late to write finish and update for you guys, despite having finals.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tony contacted the mental hospital/prison May was sent to. He made it clearer than crystal that she was not to have any contact with Peter.

Tony knew he needed to talk to Peter. The teen was holding things in until he exploded into a fit of emotions. Usually, these fits came in the form of a panic attack. It wasn't like Peter was having a panic attack every day, no, they weren't that frequent. They were, however, too frequent to be normal. Peter tried to keep them to himself a lot, which was doing more harm than good.

When Tony sat down to talk to Peter about going to a psychiatrist, he expected Peter to be upset. And upset the teen was.

"So...let me get this straight...you want me to go and talk to a complete stranger about my issues?" Peter asked. His voice rose with anger he didn't bother to hide.

"I know it sounds crazy right now, and I know it's not what you want, but Peter it's what you need. You need more help than we can give you here. You're shutting us out Peter, there's not much of a choice here," Tony said trying to keep his voice calm.

"What makes you think she'll be able to help me more than you guys?" Peter asked.

"Because Dr. Hensen is professionally trained in the delicate field called your damn mind," Tony said letting a slight bit of that withheld frustration in his voice.

"Peter, I think that Tony might be right. There are things they know they we don't. She will have a lot easier time helping you than us. We're just worried buddy," Bruce said. Peter whipped around to face him so fast, Tony thought the teen might get whiplash.

Peter

They were ganging up on me now. I looked from Tony to Bruce to Steve. They all held that certain look of 'Listen to us'. "You all think this is a good idea? Pushing me to talk about stuff that I just want to forget!?"

'They just want to get rid of you. They can't deal with you anymore'. My mind supplied.

"We just want to help you, kiddo," Tony said, the desperate note in his voice becoming too much. I know that they just want to help and to be honest, I don't even know why I'm so opposed to the idea.

I took a breath. "I know..." I said letting myself give in. "I know that I'm worrying you guys. I

know I've been distant...and I'm sorry..." I said.

"I'll tell you what...you go to this first appointment, and if you really hate it, I won't make you go. But Pete, you have to open up to us," Tony said. I nodded.

And that's where I found myself Wednesday night after school. "Hello, Peter. I'm Lana Henson," She said shaking my hand. We went to her office. Tony told me that he'd be out and back before the session was over. She was a short brunette. She had a kind look about her face. She said her voice was soft like a mother's.

"So Peter. Can you tell me about some hobbies you have?"

"I uh..like to build," I said. It was weird talking to someone you didn't know.

"You like to build? What do you like to build?" She asked looking genuinely intrigued.

"Lots of stuff. I once built a robot for my engineering class."

"Interesting. So, down to the big stuff." She paused for a minute. "When did you start feeling so negative?"

I hesitated. "Take your time, there is no rush here," she said. Something about her reminded me of Aunt May before Uncle Ben died. Or of Tasha.

"I guess...after my Uncle Ben passed away..." I said. Even though it'd been a while ago, the memory was still fresh in my mind. "Aunt May....she was never the same after that..."

And now, I found myself telling her about almost everything that happened. About Flash, about the panic attacks. I didn't know why it was so easy to talk to her, it's not like she forced me to tell her my back story, but once I started it came out like a never-ending river.

"Okay, so when you go home tonight. I want you to find a notebook, not one that you're already using for school, and write every single negative emotion you feel. Whether that be anger, sadness, guilt, annoyance, fear, anxiety, all of it. Next time you see me, I hope you do, I want you to tell me about every word you write down."

"O-okay..." I said. I looked at the clock, the hour was already up.

"As for your panic attacks, just keep doing what you're doing. It sounds like your folks have that under control," she said. I nodded. We left her office, as promised, Tony was waiting, she wanted to talk to him. I was hesitant about waiting by myself, but I did anyway.

"What do you say we blow this popsicle stand." Tony threw his arm around my shoulders when he returned. I let myself smile.

"Yeah, let's go."

Tony and I walked out, I climbed into the passenger seat of the Audi and let my mind replay the events. I felt almost...lighter...I guess...Tony was right. I hadn't noticed how much I was actually holding in.

"So...how'd it go...?"

"Better than I thought it would...she really seems to want me to go back...", I said. I guess I was just that bad off. "What'd she say about me?" I asked. There was so much going on, that even if I

had wanted to eavesdrop I wouldn't have been able to.

"She didn't say much. Just that she'd really like it if you came back," Tony said. I narrowed my eyes, looking at him.

"You sure?"

"Dead sure. She is worried about the state of your mental health, but I know you could have already guessed that," Tony said.

"Yeah..." I let my words trail off. It was quiet for a minute.

"So you wanna go get some cheeseburgers?" Tony asked. I almost rolled my eyes. What was it with that man and cheeseburgers?

"Sure."

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Peter

I sat with the others in the living room. It was finally the weekend and I was exhausted. Mentally and physically. I was trying to remember to write negative thoughts down, but with everything going on it was hard. I grabbed my notebook from the table beside me.

'Nothing'

I am not happy, nor sad. I guess you would call that neutral. But, I'm writing it down anyway because it's what I feel.

I turned to another page and began drawing. I didn't know what it was I was drawing.

"Wow, Pete. That's impressive," Tony said peering over my shoulder. I finally took a good look at what I was drawing. It didn't look all that impressive, it was the face of the wolf, definitely, maybe slightly under-detailed.

"Eh...not really," I said. It was kind of a lie, it did look pretty good for something I drew.

"Whatever you say." Tony's tone was light. I let my eyes look over the room. It was a calm and peaceful Friday night. Tasha and Clint were sitting on the love seat. Tony and Steve were sitting side by side on the other couch. Bruce was at the end of the couch Tony was sitting on, he had his laptop out and was typing away. I was sitting on the floor by the table, homework papers scattered all over the table. Sam was visiting his mom and Rhodey was...well...somewhere. I set my notebook down, re-organized my papers, put them in my bag, then I headed to my room. I stayed there for a bit. It's not that I didn't /want/ to watch another cheesy romance movie that Clint picked out. It's that I really didn't feel like watching one.

I set my notebook down on my desk, sat down after grabbing a pencil, and began writing.

'Ugh'

Is ugh a feeling? Because even if it isn't that's how I feel.

'Powerless'

I feel powerless against my own mind. It's like all my thoughts /and the world/ are against me. I feel like I have no control over anything. Most of the time I have some pretty awful thoughts.

'Stupid'

I just feel stupid. Stupid about all my past mistakes and actions, stupid about all the negative thoughts I have, stupid about everything.

‘Worthless, replaceable’

I know that I can be replaced. Anyone can be replaced, well...not the Avengers...no one can replace them. I worry that if I make a mistake and it's bad enough...or if they get tired of me...that I'll lose everything. Tony and everyone else is constantly reassuring me about it. In my mind, I can't help but think...one day...they'll get tired of me and my emotions.

‘Self-hatred’

It really isn't an emotion...but I wrote it down anyway. I hate how I cry about everything. I hate how when things go wrong, I overreact. I hate that almost every time I turn around I have a panic attack. I hate all these negative thoughts I have. I didn't use to have them. I used to be perfectly fine and all...and now...I just really hate me. I wish I knew how to make these thoughts go away. I wish none of this ever happened.

I stopped writing. I closed my eyes. ‘There are those bad thoughts again’. I knew my door was going to open before it even did. I turned around and met the concerned eyes of Tasha.

“Hey, Hun. Is everything okay?” she asked.

“Yeah,” I said while nodding. “I'll be there in a sec.” She nodded, though an uncertain look dawned her face.

“Okay.” And with that, she left. I put my notebook up and went back to the living room. I took my place back on the floor in front of the couch.

“What movie are we watching?” I asked looking at the TV.

“Clint picked out The Lion King,” Tony said.

“Good choice,” I commented.

XX

Time Skip-Peter

I woke up, I couldn't breathe as I shot up into a sitting position. I couldn't remember what it was about, but I knew I had a nightmare. The only time I woke up like this was due to a nightmare. I put my shaking hands together, to try to calm myself. I tried to take normal breaths.

Once I finally got my breathing under control, I slipped out of bed and walked quietly to the kitchen. I grabbed a glass and started filling it with water. I tried to remember what about that nightmare was so scary. After filling my glass, I went back to my room, turned on my desk light, opened my notebook and grabbed a pen.

‘Woke up from a nightmare that I can't remember. Those are sometimes the worst because you know you had one but you don't know why you so suddenly woke up freaking out. I probably won't be sleeping again anytime soon’.

I stopped writing due to hearing my phone ring. I unplugged it from the charger. It was an unknown number, so I ignored it. Declining the call and placing my phone back on the table, I sat on my bed. About a minute later, my phone rang again. It was the same unknown number. After the third ring, I decided to pick up. “Hello...?” I asked hesitantly.

“Is this Peter?” The person, who sounded oddly familiar, asked.

“Maybe, what’s it to you?”

“Okay. now I know it’s you. So cut the shit.” My groggy mind still couldn’t place why this person sounded familiar.

“Who are you? And why the hell are you calling me at-” I paused to look at the clock. “-four thirty in the morning?”

“You won’t tell anyone, will you? My sweet, sweet Petey?” I now knew who was calling me.

“You made me very upset when you said those awful things...why wouldn’t you want to talk to your own aunt...the person who raised you?”

I dropped his phone. My chest was getting tight again. Breathing was getting hard. Everyone was asleep. No one was there to help me. No one-

“Peter...? What’s wrong bud?” Steve asked. I couldn’t respond, my mind wouldn’t form words. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Steve walk over to me.

None

Steve walked over to Peter, slowly as to not freak him out more. “Peter you’re having a panic attack. Just breathe, it’s going to be okay,” Steve said. Peter was staring at Steve with wide eyes but wasn’t actually seeing him. Steve placed a gentle hand on Peter’s shoulders, ignoring the way the teen flinched. Peter’s eyes cleared up slightly as he looked at Steve.

“I-I’m...I’m o-okay...,” he said, not sounding so sure himself. Peter was shaking like a leaf. The teen was still taking in quick almost gasping breaths. “E-every-everything’s f-fine,” Peter stuttered.

“I know that’s not true,” Steve said softly. “Come on. Just breathe. In, 2, 3, 4, hold, 6, 7, 8, and out, 2, 3, 4,” Steve said. Peter took in a forced shaky breath as he tried to follow Steve’s breathing pattern. After Peter was breathing normally, Steve took a step back, giving Peter some space.

“I-I’m okay now. T-thanks Steve,” Peter said, still a little shaky. Steve ruffled the teen's hair fondly.

“Let me know if you need anything, okay?”

“Okay,” Peter replied.

Steve left the room. Peter shakily went into the bathroom. He turned the water on as hot as he could stand. Peter grabbed a change of clothes, undressed, grabbed his razor, and stepped into the steaming water. He sighed as the water helped relax his aching, tense muscles. Peter pressed the blade to his skin, only wincing slightly when the blade pierced through his skin. Peter watched as blood, tears, and water swirled down the drain. He couldn’t forget about his past if it kept punching him in the face.

“I’m so stupid. So dumb. So weak,” Peter thought to himself. “Sometimes I wish I could just disappear from the world.” Peter let himself stop thinking about that as he turned the water off and stepped out of the shower. He bandaged his arm, albeit shakily, got dressed, threw his hoodie on, and went back to his desk.

Peter picked up his pencil again and began to write. ‘I’m stupid. I broke my promise again. I know that if I tell Tony or the others...that they’ll be mad at me. They’ll be upset that I relapsed again. If I tell them, I may as well dig my own grave. I keep breaking their promise...and I’m mad at myself for that...’

Peter stopped, thought for a minute, then wrote something else down. He closed his notebook and

crawled into his bed. It was Sunday morning, Peter could sleep in.

XX

Peter opened his eyes, laid in bed for a few more minutes and decided to get up. ‘Nothing is wrong. I have to show them that,’ he thought. Begrudgingly, the teen slipped out of the warm covers.

Peter’s stomach growled as he made his way to the kitchen. Peter grabbed his cereal, looking at the clock, it was only about 9 o’clock. Peter took out his bowl from the cabinet and put some cereal in it. He grabbed the milk out of the fridge and poured a little in. The teen sat at the table and munched on his cereal. No one was in the living room.

“Is everyone still asleep, Friday?” Peter asked.

“Mr. Clint, Mrs. Romanoff, and Mr. Barnes are currently still asleep. Boss is in his lab and Mr. Rogers is in the gym,” Friday said.

“Okay. Thanks.” Tony was in the lab, so he’d be there a while. Peter didn’t know how long Steve would be. Peter was just glad he was alone for the time being. He felt like being alone. Peter had his second appointment with Dr. Hensen coming up, and he was not really looking forward to it. He knew he would have to explain everything he wrote down over the past few days.

The teen sighed as poked around at his cereal. He was hungry but didn’t feel like eating. Peter knew that today was going to be a bad day, the teen just didn’t think it’d be this bad. Peter felt like crying, but he didn’t. Peter rinsed his bowl and put it in the sink. Peter went back to his room, laid on his bed, and took his phone from the floor where he left it. He hadn’t gotten any more calls, so he assumed May got the memo. He wasn’t even sure how she contacted him again.

Peter threw his phone on the bedside table with an exasperated, angry sounding sigh. He was tired of feeling like crying all the time.

XX

None

Monday finally rolled around, Peter was not looking forward to his appointment with Dr. Hensen that afternoon. At all. In fact, he was dreading it. The only reason he was going was to make Tony feel better. Peter sighed to himself as he sat in homeroom listening to the teacher drone on and on about finals coming up. Soon the bell rang. Peter forced himself not to think about the appointment that afternoon, but it was hard not to. Peter ignored his history teacher’s lecture, hoping the end would come soon, but at the same time, wishing it wouldn’t.

Finally, the end of the day neared, by then, Peter wanted to bang his head against a wall. It seemed as though the day was going by slow just to torture him. The teen watched the clock in his last class. The hour ticked by slowly. The bell finally rang. Peter was the first to leave the class for once. Flash still wasn’t giving him any shit, thankfully. Ned was talking his ear off as they walked to Peter’s locker. Peter gave a quick goodbye to Ned and left. Happy was there to pick him up.

“Where’s Tony?” Peter asked.

“Tony had an important meeting to go to, he’s really sorry he couldn’t come,” Happy replied.

“Oh. Okay.” It’s not that Peter didn’t like happy, he just looked forward to Tony picking him up.

Once they arrived at the office, Happy surprised Peter by actually going in with him, telling the

teen “I’ll be out here when you’re done.”

Peter nodded as he was taken to Dr. Hensen’s office. Peter sat down on the couch. “How was your weekend?” She asked.

“Could have been better...” The teen answered.

“Wanna tell me about it?”

“Not really...” Peter said.

“That’s okay, we can just sit here. What about that assignment I gave you?”

“It’s been...useful,” Peter said trying to find the right words. “But...not as much as I thought it would be.”

“Some things just aren’t as useful as others. Is there anything you want to talk about?” Her tone was open. Peter stayed silent for a while. “Take your time,” she said.

Peter thought he didn’t want to outright tell her that he kinda wanted to disappear from the earth at times.

XX

Peter

“There’s nothing to tell,” was what I said. ‘I just really wanna die or just disappear from the face of the earth’. Was what I wanted to say.

“There’s always something.”

/I just really kinda wanna die/. There was silence. ‘Oh no.’ I thought. “I said that out loud...didn’t I...?” I gave a nervous chuckle.

“I’m afraid you did.” She had an almost...concerned look in her eyes. “Can you tell me why?”

I took a deep breath, feeling the threat of tears for the third time that day. Dr. Hensen held an alarmed look in her eyes. I refused to speak.

“Peter.” Her tone was soft but firm at the same time, much like Tony’s. “I’m really concerned.”

I felt frustration rush through me for some reason. “You barely even know me! You don’t understand, no one understands. I don’t even understand!” I yelled. I stood up fast, storming out of the room. I heard her call after me, her voice majorly alarmed. Happy stood up looking heavily concerned. I ignored it all and stormed out. First, I started at a fast walk, but as tears began streaming down my face, I broke into a run. My chest was burning, my lungs screaming for air. My senses were dialed high due to the threat of the panic attack I could feel coming on. Despite it, I kept running as far as my legs would carry me. As far as my lungs would let me go.

I really hadn’t meant to let that slip. I didn’t want to tell her anything that I’d been feeling. I stopped running, gasping for breath as my lungs screamed in protest. Running while you’re having a panic attack really isn’t the best idea. My legs felt weak, like jelly, I fell to the ground. I couldn’t breathe. I couldn’t scream. I couldn’t do anything. I don’t think...I’ve wanted to die so much in my life. I let it slip...she was going to tell Tony...he’s going to worry again...I’m just a burden to them. I wish I never called Happy...I wish none of this happened. I wish I could die. My heart was slamming against my ribcage, it hurt. Everything hurt. My hands were shaking so bad I couldn’t

move.

I hate myself. I hate that I'm so panicky. I hate that I am a burden to everyone I'm around. Don't get me wrong...I love what I have...but I can't stand it. I don't deserve their love. I don't deserve them. I don't deserve anything...

My vision started going black. I still couldn't breathe. I felt light-headed. I curled up in a fetal position just before blackness overcame me.

XX

None

Peter ran off. Tony and the rest of the Avengers were called. Dr. Hensen voiced her concerns about the teen. Tony was worried sick about Peter. Steve was a hot second behind on the worry scale. It took them almost 20 minutes to find the teen. Tony rushed over to Peter, his anxious growing as he looked at the teen passed out on the ground. Steve picked Peter up, they took him back to the compound, to Bruce.

Tony turned into Steve's chest. "Oh god...He....I..."

"Shh Tones. I know...I know." Was all Steve could say. Bruce walked out of Peter's room, looking heavily concerned.

"Bruce...?"

"He's okay...my diagnosis is a panic attack. It doesn't seem like that would be too far off considering what Lana told us...", Bruce said. "I've got him on a mild sedative, he's likely to wake up confused and panicking so, we'll have to watch him closely. I don't want him alone at all."

Tony nodded. "He won't be alone."

"I know," Bruce responded.

Tony spent the next two hours in Peter's room. Not leaving for anything unless someone made him, and then, only leaving if they promised Peter wouldn't be alone. Tony's head was leaning on the edge of Peter's bed when the teen woke up.

Chapter End Notes

DON'T WORRY!! THIS IS NOT THE END! I promise

I know...it's kinda sucky....

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter.

Not a chapter

Chapter Summary

Not a chapter, please read though.

SO I WAS GOING TO MAKE THIS A SHORT SERIES, But then I changed my mind. I hope you all are enjoying it, because I enjoy writing it.

I'm sorry that it kinda sucks.

I'm going to wrap it up in one last chapter. To be honest, I'm kind of running out of ideas and things to do.

~Signed,
Author of this story

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Finally, the last chapter. I know it's isn't very long, but I struggled with this chapter. I don't have anymore ideas, so this is it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Wh’re? W’at ‘appned?” The teen’s words slurred with grogginess. Tony opened his mouth to explain, but before he could even utter a single word, Peter was already hyperventilating again. Eyes wide with pain, fear, and hurt.

“Peter it’s okay,” Tony reassured. But, Peter wasn’t listening. He was caught up in his own reality. Bruce rushed back in with another dose of the sedative. It wasn’t enough to knock Peter out, but enough to calm him. Tony gave Peter some breathing exercises to help.

“As I assume, you already know what happened. Just keep taking those nice deep breaths,” Bruce said softly. Steve walked in with three mugs of hot chocolate. One was handed to Tony, one to Bruce, and finally one to Peter.

Peter was silent for a good while as he attempted to sip on the hot chocolate. “I’m sorry.” Peter couldn’t hold it in anymore. “I’m so sorry.”

Peter was silent for a good while as he attempted to sip on the hot chocolate. “I’m sorry.” Peter couldn’t hold it in anymore. “I’m so sorry.”

Tony’s eyes were filled with major concern. “Don’t be sorry. Please...don’t be sorry. It’s okay,” Tony said. Clint came bounding in followed by a much calmer Natasha. Tony had to admit, at first, he really was hesitant about taking Peter in, because he knew he wasn’t ready for all that responsibility. But now, if something happened and Tony was sent to the past, he would still make the decision to take Peter in. Peter had grown on the team. Peter was looking down at the mug in his hands. The teen had dark circles under his eyes. Sam and Rhodey walked in. Peter felt as if he could burst into tears. ‘They all know’. He thought.

Peter swallowed hard, he wanted to say ‘I’m sorry I’m such a screw up. I’m sorry I’m such a burden. I’m sorry I’m stupid. I’m sorry I’m suicidal. I’m sorry I broke my promise. I’m sorry I ran. I’m sorry I had a panic attack. I’m sorry’, but before he could even think about saying it, Natasha beat him to speaking. “Peter, whatever you are thinking right now...stop. We aren’t mad. We aren’t upset.”

“You should be,” Peter started. “You have every right to be...,” Peter’s tone was quiet, breakable. He sniffed, bringing up an arm to wipe the tears that strayed from his eyes. “I broke my promise...I...I-” Peter cut off with a sob. Natasha sat on the edge of the bed. Her facial expression was soft.

“None of that matters hun. The only thing that matters is you are still here,” she said.

Peter put his hands up to his face, leaning over, elbows on his knees. His hands immediately went for his hair as he tugged almost angrily at it before speaking. “The thing is...I don’t /want/ to be

here,” he whispered brokenly. “I’m tired of feeling this way...”

“We know...” Natasha’s voice was teary. “But, that’s why we’re here. You don’t have to go through this alone.”

Peter took a moment to look around the room. Sam sat in the open chair to Peter’s left. Rhodey stood beside Tony. Steve stood behind Tony, his hands on Tony’s shoulders. Clint was standing by Bruce against the wall. Bucky was standing by the door. The teen’s soft brown, doe eyes were red and puffy. Full of anguish.

Peter looked back down. Silence fell over the room. It would have been a comfortable if there wasn’t so much tension in the air. It was a while before anyone said anything. “Can we watch a movie...maybe forget about this...?” Peter asked.

XX

And that’s why they found themselves watching a disney movie, building forts, eating dinner, acting like kids. Peter fell asleep halfway through the movie, in between Tony and Steve. His head against Tony’s shoulder. No one had the heart to move him.

Peter woke up sometime later. Everyone was asleep, the teen was sprawled out on the couch, Natasha was on a blanket bed on the floor, Clint was too. Tony and Steve were cuddled up on the love seat. Bucky was asleep in the chair. Sam was at the end of the couch Peter was on, and Rhodey was on a bed of pillows right in front of the couch Peter was on.

Peter yawned. It was still dark out. “Fri, what time is it?” Peter asked quietly.

“It is 3:09 am,” the AI responded just as quietly. Peter looked around the room dark room as someone stirred. The room fell silent again. Peter yawned once more, his eyes falling shut on their own accord before he fell back into a not so peaceful slumber.

It was always the same nightmare that woke Peter up. Always the same one that kept him from sleeping. The same one over and over again. Peter groaned as he woke up, his body was protesting angrily and painfully against his movements. Sleeping that way on a couch and having a panic attack of that intensity was biting him in the butt.

“Morning sunshine,” Clint said. The archer was sitting on the chair, well more like perching on it - because, heaven forbid Clint sit normally on a piece of furniture-. “Well...afternoon now,” Clint joked.

“Yeah yeah,” Peter said as he sat up. The teen looked around the room. “Where’s everyone at?”

“Hell if I know,” Clint said.

“Language.”

“There’s Cap,” Clint said. “I think Tony is in his lab.”

Peter gave a subtle nod of acknowledgement, slid off the couch, and headed in that direction.

XX

A year later

None

Tony didn’t force Peter to see a therapist, but the teen still did. Peter was also trying to be more

open with Tony when he wasn't feeling his best. Peter was slowly getting his grades up again, while keeping up with his spiderman duties.

The teen had days where everything was fine. No panic attacks, no minor freak-outs, no crying, no bad thoughts. On those good days, Peter was sociable, he would sit with everyone and talk, play games.

Then, the teen had the bad days. Usually Peter was in a bad mood. He would still sit through school, knowing that he couldn't miss. He was tolerable of everything, but was sometimes passive aggressive about it.

And once in a while, there were the really really bad days. Peter was in a 'I don't want to talk, I don't want to move, I don't want to do anything,' mood. On those days, Peter mainly stayed on his bed, in his room, in the dark. The only time Peter would leave, is if Tony forced him to eat a meal or a small snack. Peter usually had some panic attacks strung about, and it lasted over the span of two days, sometimes it was longer, sometimes it was shorter.

To say Peter thought his life was a mess, was an understatement. Peter thought his life was an absolute train wreck. There were still times when Peter was at an all time low, when he just didn't want to exist. Those days were becoming few and far between.

Peter sat in his room working on his homework. His Aunt May hadn't attempted to contact him since that last time. Peter had changed his number.

XX

Peter

My life was beginning to settle. I had Tony, Steve, Sam, Clint, Rhodey, Bruce, and Tasha with me. No matter how hard, how bad it got, they stayed by my side. May hasn't tried to contact me. I was thankful, but a part of me still missed her. I know...it seems weird...crazy even, they I would miss the person who made my life so miserable. Flash and I made amends. We still weren't the best of friends, but we were friends now. He said sorry, I found it in my heart to forgive him.

I forgive Aunt May too. What she did was terrible, but...why hold a grudge when I can just forgive and forget. It was hard for Tony when I told him that. He was upset at first, but his demeanor changed. He wasn't upset like I thought he would be.

Flashback

"Hey...um Tony...?"

"Yeah Pete?" Tony shot back as he put the finishing touches on their project.

"I've made a decision," Peter said.

"Oh? And what's that?"

"I'm going to forgive Aunt May."

Tony's eyes snapped to Peter's. "You're going to forgive the woman who put you through hell?"

Peter blinked. There was no sign of joking on his face as he said sincerely, "Yes. Why should I hold a grudge and remember all my life, if I can just forgive her and know that we forgive each other?" Peter was absolutely sincere as he spoke.

Tony looked confused, upset for a second. Then his look softened and he smiled softly. "You're

too pure for this world, Pete,” Tony said. “What do you say we go bug ol’ Stevie for something for dinner, yeah?”

“Yeah,” Peter said with a smile. Tony threw his arm over the teen’s shoulders as they made their way to the kitchen.

End of Flashback

Now, they all sat around the table eating Steve’s homemade tater tot casserole. Laughing and smiling all the way. That was the first night in a long time that Peter let himself be truly happy, that he felt truly happy. The Avengers were Peter’s family now, and the teenager would never go back to the way he was living before.

Peter Benjamin Parker, with his big brown doe-eyes, as the Avengers finally realized, was too pure for this world. Peter Parker was loved by all of them. Peter was to be protected at all costs. When Peter was happy, smiling, laughing, it was completely contagious. No one could keep themselves from being happy. When the teen was smiling, they could swear that it actually lit up the room like fireworks on the fourth of July.

Chapter End Notes

Well, I hope you liked the heartfelt ending. I really tried. It was also a pain in my butt because my mom's laptop was being ridiculously slow with everything and it was hard to get it uploaded from my drive. And because I had to give my actual school computer back because it was the end of the school year. I also kept writing scenes and then thinking they were trash, so for a while it was just writing scenes and deleting them and then re-writing them. Over and over again. I know it's by no means the best, but...I still hope you enjoyed it.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!